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Carnival

VOL. 1 No. 2

DECEMBER, 1953

A Magazine of Excitement



This is CARNIVAL. According to Webster's, Carnival is a "period of festival and gaiety." But many Carnivals celebrate a serious event. Revelry has its significance: it is the importance of life which gives the birthday party its joyousness, it is the seriousness of life departed that gives mourning its emotional purity. It is this then, the significance of human feeling, riotous and somber, that each issue of CARNIVAL will celebrate.

PHOTO CREDITS

FRONT COVER David Preston; INSIDE FRONT COVER European, INP; INSIDE BACK COVER Paris Match; Acme Photos 37; Black Star 4, 5, 114; Combine 3, 38-39; European 2, 3, 40-50; Graphic House 51-54 (Alan Gould), 128; Rapho-Guillumette 11-17 (M. J. Dain), 27-29 (Ormond Gigli), 55-58 (Ormond Gigli), 108-112 (Hans Traber), 125, 128; INP 36, 94-96; Three Lions 7-10, 59-61; 72-78; 92-93; David Preston 100-107; Wide World 2, 6, 35; Jack Birns 18-22; Nick de Margoli 62-69; Sanford Roth 30-34; Andres de Dienes 89-91, 126, 127; Robert Scott 68-71; James Cathey 118-121; Randolph and Delong 124; Phil Stern 122-123; New York World Telegram 116-117; 97-99 drawings by Irv Docktor.

CARNIVAL, published bi-monthly by Show Magazine, Inc., at 4600 Diversey Ave., Chicago 39, Ill. Editorial offices 535 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. Vol. 1, No. 2, December, 1953. Price 25c copy. Copyright 1953 by Hillman Periodicals, Inc. The publishers accept no responsibility for unsolicited manuscripts and all manuscripts should be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Printed in the United States of America.

LOVE AND LAUGHTER AND LEGS



In true French style man and maid celebrate the national holiday of Republican France, Bastille Day, with a masked kiss



Costumed leapers renew medieval music, scenery and dance as they whirl, jump in Basque Carnival in Spain near French border

FOR THE PEASANT, the student, the man in the street: those few hours or days when the humdrum and dreariness of passing time are exploded in one glorious outbreak of human emotion. It is carnival time!

For the happy, tears flow freely and laughter echoes across the streets. For the lonely, a jug of wine, a bottle of booze, and the drowning of sorrow they dare not show. For the young, parades and pickles, candy and ice cream. It is carnival time—a time of rejoicing, a time of confusion, a place for merry, bubbling fun.



Formal dress for warm weather strollers is displayed in London's famous Hyde Park as students celebrate their annual 'rag'



Three little candle queens wake their sleeping parents with song as Sweden observes Lucia Day, a prelude to Christmas celebrations

FROM THE SUBLIME



Two brothers begin frenzied task of touching statue of Virgin with hats, scarves of crowd gathered for fiesta in southern Spain

TO THE RIDICULOUS



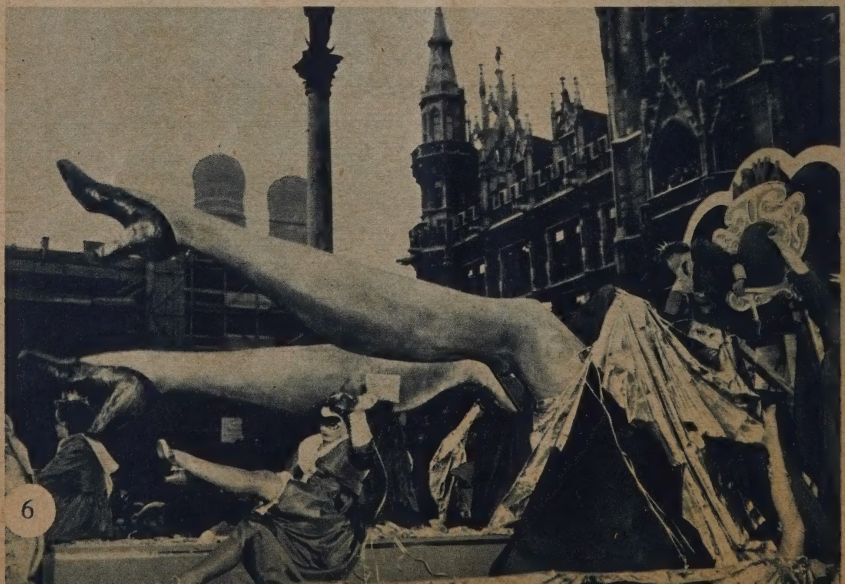
Some outfits are more surprising than this portable pot, but not many, as New Orleans opens her famous Mardi Gras celebrations

Every Carnival has Clowns . . . and Legs



In Basle, Switzerland, masked drummers beat a raucous tattoo

In Munich, Germany: the longer the legs the more they love 'em





Couple tunnels through one of many igloos built for party-goers

WINTER CARNIVAL

Ice and Young Love Make Dartmouth Winter Carnival Top Party Among Eastern Colleges

PROBABLY THE HAPPIEST carnival in America takes place each February in Hanover, New Hampshire, when the students of Dartmouth College swarm out of mid-term exams and fill the campus with pretty girls from the surrounding New England hills. The week-end begins officially on Friday night, and ends Sunday, but most undergraduates push the starting gun up a little, and go on partying beyond the closing.

For New England college girls invitation to Dartmouth for the Carnival is the high point of the season. They come home exhausted, but few will turn down the bid.

Focal point of the week-end is the snow. Dartmouth houses top hockey, ski teams, and most students are adept at winter sports. Much of the Carnival takes place outdoors; chilly air ripens friendships faster than sunny beaches.





Not for amateurs: ski runs (left) and jumps (right) are tough

Students Come to Dartmouth From All

Hired for event, dog team carries couples across snow-clad campus



Dressed as co-ed, clown presents one opinion of women at parties



Big event of week-end is intercollegiate ski-jumping tournament

Over New England for Winter Carnival

Igloos make ideal party spot for those who just want to be alone



At night, fireworks highlight the traditional New England chapel



From first (inset) to last, Carnival is happy break in grind of studies. Couple snatches a moment alone among ice walls of igloo for a last good-bye kiss.



THE OLD MAN AND THE SPREE

IN 1926 Ernest Hemingway wrote a book titled *The Sun Also Rises,* which recounted the strange love of an impotent American newspaper man for a drunken nymphomaniac. But for many readers, the heart of the book was the lucid story of the Fiesta of San Fermin in the Spanish town of Pamplona.

For Pamplonicas the Fiesta is Mardi Gras, Fourth of July, Thanksgiving, and the World Series jammed into one sleepless week. It is the wildest carnival week in the world. Pent-up Spanish emotions, held in check by Church and State together, and 360 days of poverty, explode in one pyrotechnic burst of pleasure which must suffice for Juan and Estrellita for a year.

Pamplonica (center) greets Hemingway (left) and writer, Peter Ross



For Pamplonicas:





This year "Papa" Hemingway went back to Pamplona, as he told columnist Leonard Lyons, to "see the decline of bull-fighting." He took with him a party including Robert Ruark (baseball cap at extreme left above), and CARNIVAL's photographer.

During the Fiesta week the population of Pamplona is concerned with 3 things: liquor, sex, and the bull-fights. The day starts at four in the morning, and runs on for twenty-four hours. There is a parade every morning, beginning with the processional of the gold and silver effigy of San Fermin, the patron saint of Pamplona, under escort of heavy armed guard. This is followed by the *encierro,* the running of the bulls. No other Spanish town enjoys this ritual. The bulls are driven through the streets to the ring. Men and boys of the town, running before the bulls, risk gored bodies as they

Fun and Death, Parades and Drinking



The Encierro: young Pamplonicas risk death to taunt running bulls

imitate the much admired matadors. There is always sudden accident, often sudden death.

In the afternoon, the fights. The best matadors in Spain attend, and this year Jesus Cordoba dedicated a bull to Hemingway. "Papa," who wrote a book on the subject (*Death in the Afternoon*), is an expert judge of bull fighting. He had nothing to say about Cordoba, but for the other two great matadors present he had kind words.

Despite padded horns, bull crushed two to death in pre-fight play

168-Hour Carnival

In the evening, fireworks, brass bands, much wine, and orgiastic dancing. For the rich there is cognac; for the poor, mountain wine, poured directly from the goatskin bag into the mouth. The trick to heavy drinking is in control of the swallowing apparatus. The skillful drinker can squeeze the wine from arm's length away and let it roll down his throat into his stomach without swallowing. With this method, much wine can be consumed, and because no air goes with it, it stays down. It is not, however, a trick to be tried with whiskey.





The Pamplona festival is a great tourist attraction for those with brave stomachs. In 1924 Hemingway came down from Paris for the Fiesta, and out of that experience wrote the novel which gave him his first fame.

The Fiesta has not changed. About 1300 years ago a Catholic priest named Fermin came to Pamplona. His sermons roused the always exitable Spanish peasantry to near revolution, and in retaliation, the authorities had him dragged through the town by a driven bull. From this incident Pamplonicas get their patron saint, their Fiesta, and the ritual of the *encierro*. For 13 centuries they have clung to them despite inva-



Hemingway (signing autographs) drew more tourists than fights

sions of Romans, Goths, Franks, Moors, French, and English.

The Fiesta of San Fermin is calculated to stir the emotions. Half maddened by the passions of the bull-ring, the wine, the frenzied movements of the dancing, and the glitter of the parades, the celebrants relax sexual barriers. As in Hemingway's story, the matador makes love to the lady, the writer to the peasant.

Afterwards, a week long hang-over. The tourists go home, the peasants to their farms, and the lonely man on the next page sleeps soundly in an empty cafe.

On the first day, 'Papa' trekked out for sunrise view of old ruins





The tumult and the shouting dies, the captains and the kings depart. Next year, more bulls, more cognac, more dancing, maybe even Hemingway again. But for the moment Pamplonicas will settle for a good night's sleep, and quiet for the long dull year ahead.



MISS UNIVERSE: ONE OUT OF A BILLION

The gentleman at the right below is hard at work. He is paid handsomely for studying such anatomy specimens as appear on the facing page. His name is Vincent Trotta: he is a crack beauty contest judge, here employed to help select the one woman out of the billion in the world who rates the title Miss Universe. Winner, as it turned out, was 18-year-old Christinne Martel, a French model. The green-eyed, auburn haired Parisian beat out Miss United States in a close race. For the record, she's 5'6", weighs 125 pounds. That's good in any language.



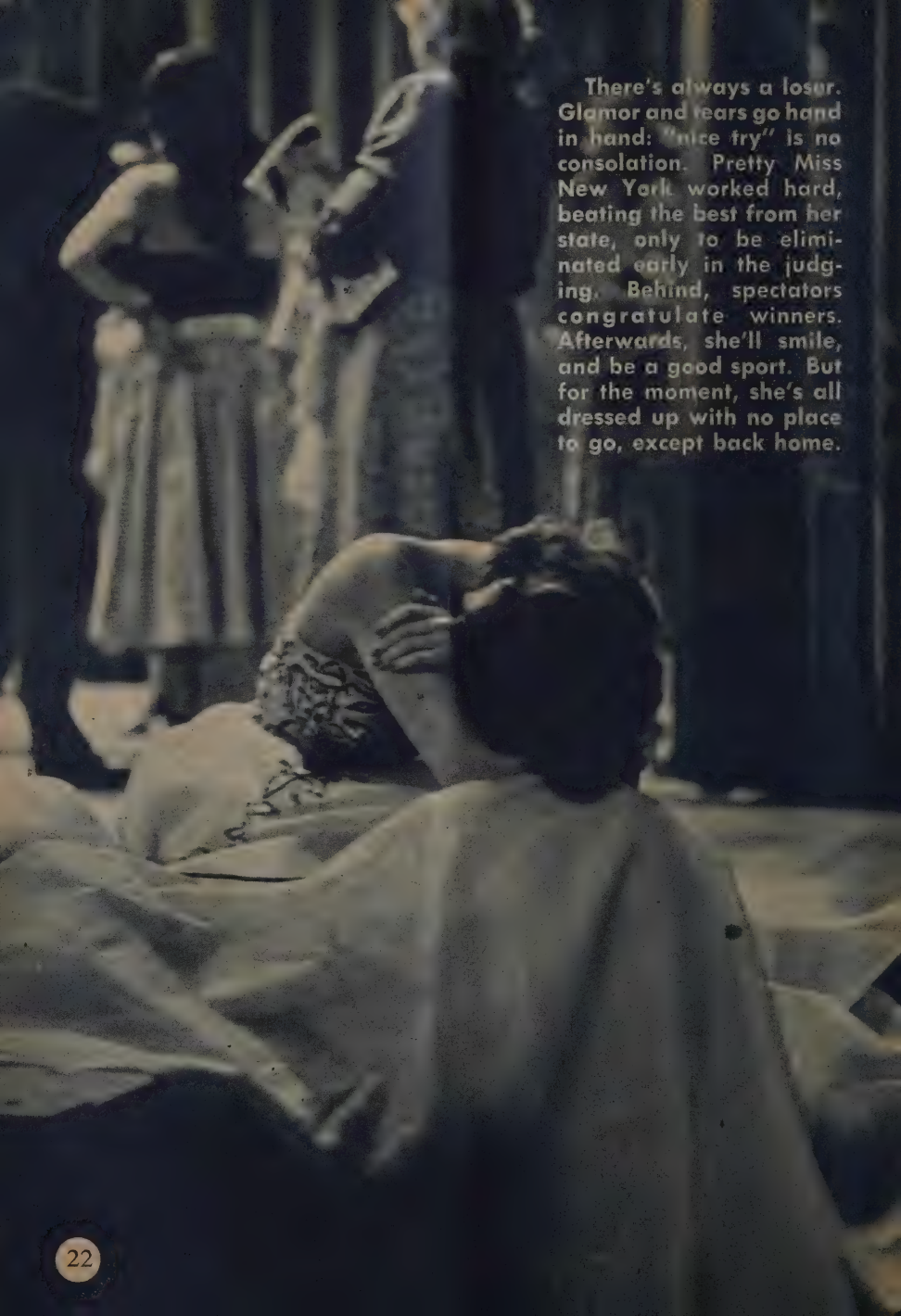
For Judges: Hard Work



First set in the beauty parade was run-off of girls from the 48 states. This is Miss Colorado, who seems pleased about something. Colorado has some of the highest peaks in North America



American representative, called Miss United States to avoid confusion with Miss America contest, was Myrna Hansen, a Chicago photographer's model. She ended up in second place. Now the question arises, who's prettiest, Miss United States, or Miss America? A two-horse race between them is in order.



There's always a losur. Glamor and tears go hand in hand: "nice try" is no consolation. Pretty Miss New York worked hard, beating the best from her state, only to be eliminated early in the judging. Behind, spectators congratulate winners. Afterwards, she'll smile, and be a good sport. But for the moment, she's all dressed up with no place to go, except back home.

THE TRUTH ABOUT TEST TUBE BABIES

by IRVIN S. KOLL, M.D. and MORRIS WEEKS, JR.

JIM AND SALLY BROWN had a "test-tube baby." You know them, or a couple a lot like them. Jim is 30 or so, Sally a little younger. They live in a modest house that reflects Jim's income and Sally's taste. They really didn't need a house when they moved in, but they had hoped they would soon. They talked a good deal about converting the spare bedroom into a nursery.

It wasn't until their third anniversary that they admitted the bitter evidence. "Jim," Sally said without preamble one evening, "do you suppose we *can't* have a baby?"

"Of course not," Jim said automatically. Then he met her eyes. "Darling," he said, "I just don't know."

So began a quest for knowledge that was to leave the Browns bewildered, incredulous, doubtful—and finally happy. Among other things, it showed them how little they knew about the workings of their own bodies. Their basic problem is a common one; one couple in six is childless through no wish of its own.

At the start, Jim betrayed his own ignorance by insisting that Sally, not he, go to a doctor for a "check up." The family practitioner, backed up by a gynecologist, put her through intensive tests. The report came back. Her health was perfect, her mental attitude was positive, her body functioned properly. Each lunar month, as they should, her ovaries produced the "eggs" which needed only to be fertilized to make the Browns' dream come true.

That took Jim aback. If Sally wasn't sterile, the obvious inference was that *he* was. Reluctantly he agreed to examination by a urolo-

For a Step by Step Description of the Process That Is Bringing Happiness to Thousands of Barren Marriages, See the Following Pages

gist—a specialist in the male genito-urinary tract.

Like most men, Jim had assumed that a successful lover is at all times an incipient sire. The fact is that the two abilities are unrelated. Just as men differ in height and weight, so their bodies vary in sperm-manufacturing capacity. Spermatozoa are incredibly tiny, incredibly powerful; it takes just one, from the millions normally ejaculated in a single intercourse, to merge with an ovum and so create a new life. But the meeting can occur only when the ovum is ready. And it cannot occur even then if any obstruction in the wife's body keeps the spermatozoa away, or if the sperm lack the vigor to reach the ovum unassisted.

The latter was Jim Brown's problem. He was incapable of producing sperm with all the qualities that make up full fertility: number, caliber, motility and so on. Lack of these qualities no more implies lack of manliness than does baldness or a tenor voice. It may well be a temporary matter, brought on by anything from injury or disease to overwork, excessive use of alcohol or even too frequent intercourse. Temporarily lowered fertility usually is a simple matter to correct.

Men like Jim Brown, however, must face the fact that, no matter how hearty they may be otherwise, their sperm production is inadequate for conception in normal intercourse. After Jim's doctor had explained this, he asked quietly, "Now, do you and your wife want a child badly enough to seek it outside normal intercourse? If so, there are two possibilities—adoption and artificial insemination."

The Browns thought over the alternatives. Adoption they knew about. A slow, risky business. Yet Jim rebelled at the thought of a test-tube baby. "Another man's kid," he muttered. "How do I know I could love anything like that? How do *you* know you wouldn't become attached to its real father? I tell you the whole idea is unnatural and I don't trust it."

The doctor had answers to all Jim's questions. He explained that artificial insemination is a standard technique that has been practiced in human beings since the middle of the last century. The sole departure from the norm is that, since intercourse does not bring her husband's sperms to the waiting ovum, the doctor places them as close as possible by instrument. This concentrates them so that the chance of conception is greatly increased. And it explains a fact very few people seem to realize: in two-thirds of all cases, the husband is the sole donor and no "other man" is involved.

An outside donor may be called in for three reasons only. The hus-

band may be wholly infertile (very rare). There may be medical reasons why he should not become a father—he may have a tendency to certain diseases, so that normal conception would jeopardize the baby. This also is rare. Finally, the husband's spermatozoa may be so deficient that the doctor will advise pooling them with a healthy donor's.

Without a donor there are no special medical or legal complications. The wife's gynecologist must establish the day of the month (and if possible the hour of the day) at which her ovum should be most receptive to fertilization. Then husband and wife come to the doctor's office and simply follow directions. If one insemination does not "take," further attempts are made for several months before giving up hope.

If conception does take place, the wife can expect a nine-month pregnancy, with the standard chance of a live birth (19 in 20). The baby will have a normal physical and mental inheritance from both parents and, of course, it will be the father's legal offspring.

"But," Jim Brown demanded here, "suppose there's an outside donor? How do you figure the legal angle then?"

Actually, no one seems to know the definitive answer to Jim's question. The quasi-official attitude of the profession may have been expressed in an editorial in *The Journal of the American Medical Association*. This stated that a child conceived by an outside donor "would seem to be illegitimate. The fact that the husband has freely consented . . . does not have any bearing on the question of the child's legitimacy. If it did, by similar reasoning it might be urged that consent to the commission of adultery by his wife would legitimatize the issue resulting from the adulterous connection."

To date the courts have had little chance to take a hand. The first case in the United States came up only in 1945, when a Chicago judge ruled that such a procedure was *not* grounds for divorce on a charge of adultery.

In 1948 a New York court pondered a mother, separated from her husband, who wanted him kept from visiting her child because it had been conceived from a donor and therefore was not the husband's. The judge said the court could not declare the child illegitimate and so could not grant her plea. But later, in Oklahoma, she got a permanent injunction against the husband on grounds that no children had been "born or conceived of this marriage."

Since then bills have been introduced in several states to guarantee the legitimacy of children con-



ceived by artificial insemination. At last reports, none had become law.

This state of affairs has not stopped thousands of couples who desperately wanted children—and it didn't stop Jim and Sally Brown. More important were two anxieties stemming from the psychological aspect of calling in an outside donor. Would Jim care for a test-tube baby as he would for his own natural child? Might Sally tend to idealize her baby's biological father —another man than Jim?

It's true, the doctor told them, that when it comes to selection of a donor, the hopeful couple is at the doctor's mercy. But today, any doctor called on to do impregnations keeps a private file of carefully screened donors. Before approving any donor, the reliable doctor gets his complete medical and venereal history; his education, and his intellectual abilities; assurance that he is in top physical and mental condition, and that his heredity is sound. The donor's previous success as a sire is equally important.

In addition, a given donor should be matched closely to the husband in the case. Similar height, weight, coloring and body structure, racial and religious background all these factors are carefully weighed when a couple wants to adopt a baby; when the wife herself is to bear the child, they become doubly important. Resemblance is one big key to the child's acceptance in its future parents' hearts.

As for Sally Brown's coming to idealize a donor in any romantic way, how could any intelligent woman feel the slightest personal twinge about a man she hadn't met, and never *would* meet? The identity of the donor is a secret locked forever in the doctor's files.

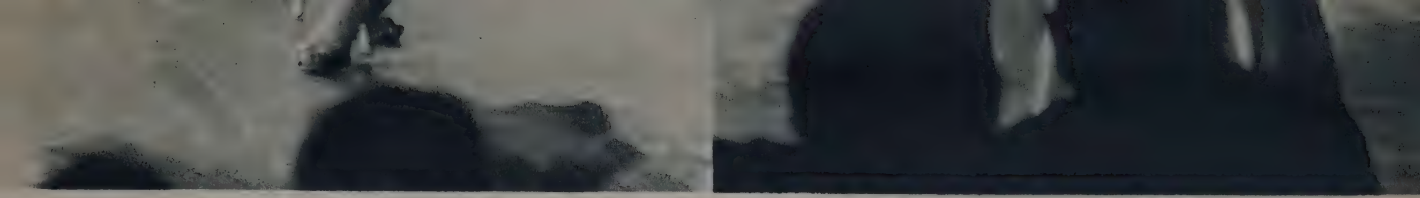
The procedure of insemination with sperms from a donor, or pooled from donor and husband, is identical with that followed when the husband's alone are used. For Jim Brown there would always be the deeply comforting knowledge that, since his own sperms were only to be reinforced by a donor's, the chances were strong that Sally's baby would be, literally, his.

One further point remained. As a final guarantee of secrecy, the gynecologist who did the insemination insisted that Sally go to a different doctor for prenatal care in case of conception. The new physician, knowing nothing of the Browns' fertility problem, could vouch in all good faith for the child as their natural offspring.

So it worked out. The first try failed; the second succeeded. Nine months later Sally bore a husky boy whose resemblance to Jim has been remarked on by dozens of people. The Browns haven't regretted their test-tube baby for a minute.

BROADWAY'S TURKISH DELIGHT

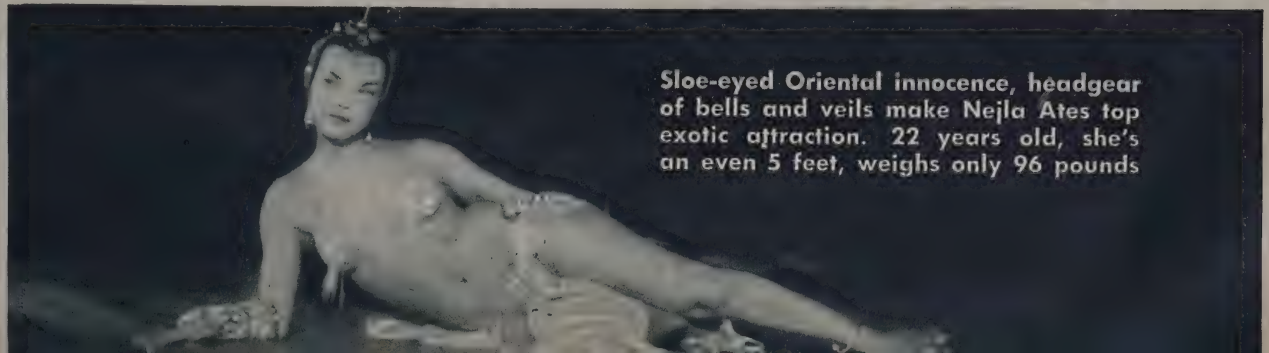




Turkey's loss, Broadway's gain. Sinuous movements of the Eastern Dancer have wowed New Yorkers

HOTTEST ATTRACTION on the steaming jungle of Broadway is a 96-pound Turkish dancer with an innocent smile and a shape like an artist's dream. Her name is Nejla Ates, and she specializes in that particular form of acrobatics indelicately termed belly dancing. She has been so successfully singeing the eyelashes of the customers at Lou Walter's Latin Quarter that she has been held over from the summer, will probably go on until December.

She is happy in America. In Turkey her dancing technique was considerably limited by Purdah, the rules which permit only heavily-veiled women on the streets. Frustrated, she left home, toured through Paris, Rome, Cairo, London, finally reached New York. Since, she's hit California, which she says is "so clean, so chic." While there she danced for RKO in *Son of Sinbad*. Secret of her success is the look of happy innocence which she keeps on her face regardless of what her body is doing. In Turkish, Ates means fire.



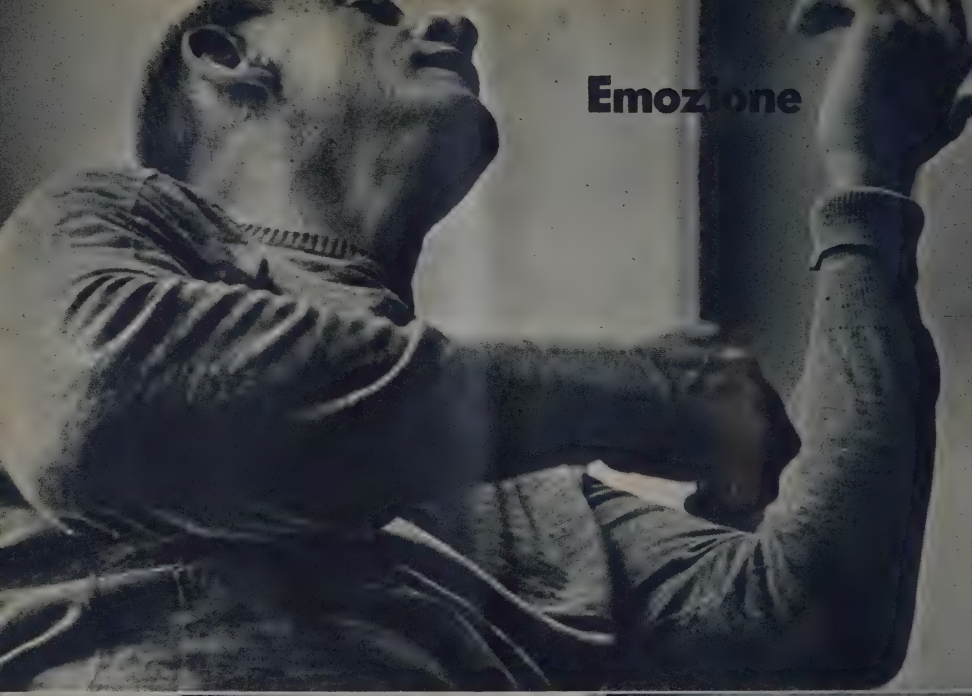
Sloe-eyed Oriental innocence, headgear of bells and veils make Nejla Ates top exotic attraction. 22 years old, she's an even 5 feet, weighs only 96 pounds

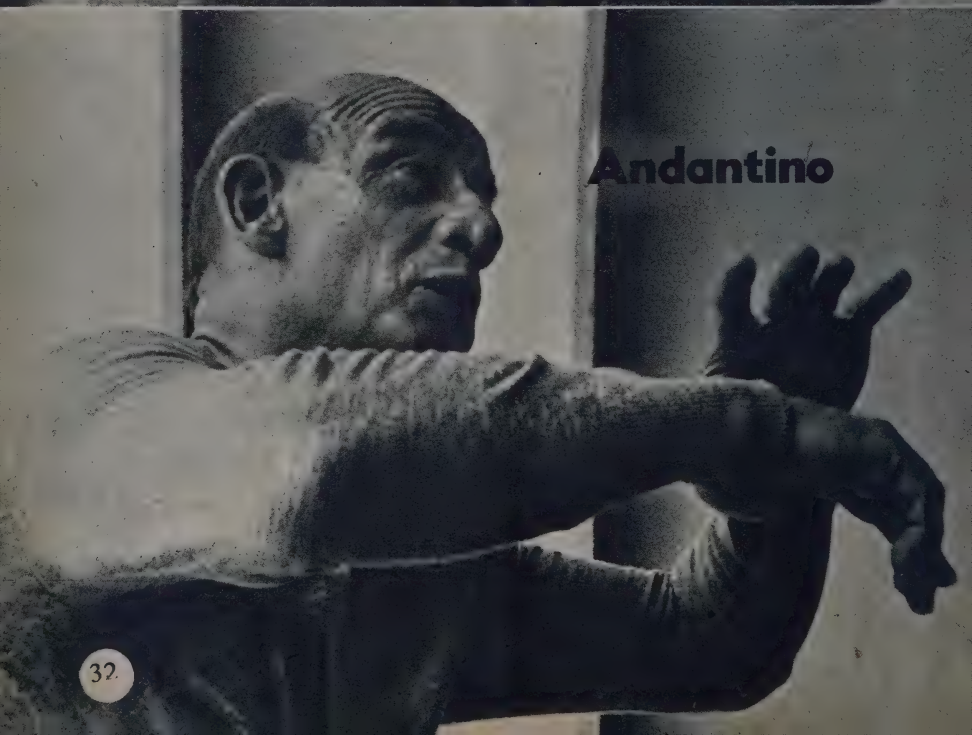


HANDS MAKE MUSIC

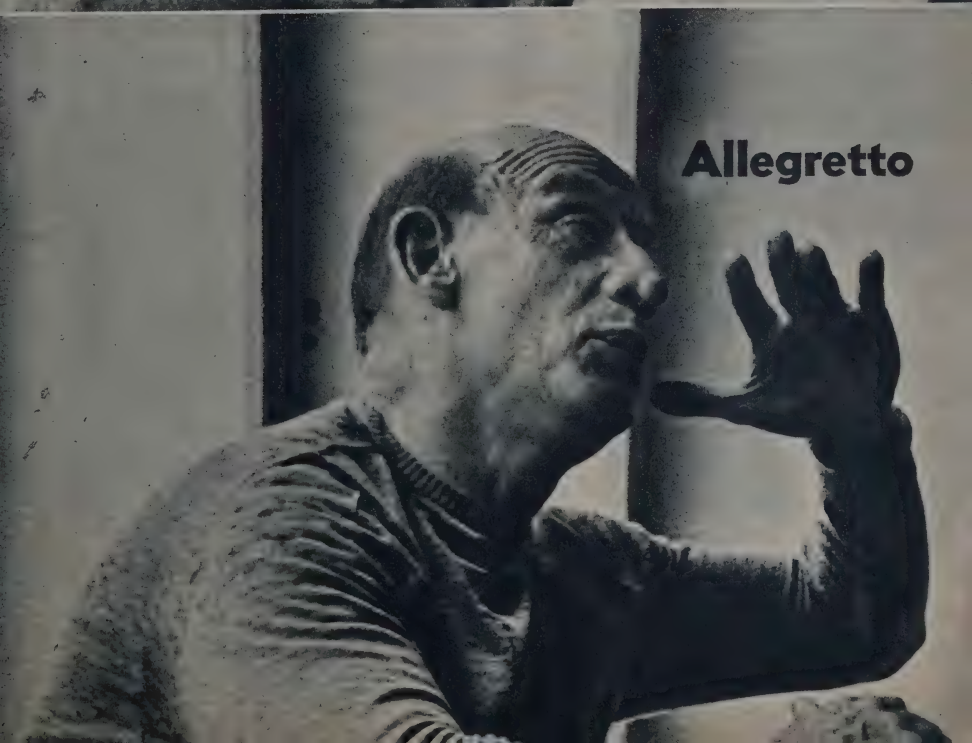
A POOR conductor will spoil the greatest music: a great one can make even junk passable. Dimitri Mitropoulos is one of the handful of top-notch directors in the country. This fall the 57-year-old Greek born conductor starts his fourth year as chief of the New York Philharmonic-Symphony. As such, he comes under the eyes of the toughest critics in the country: they have been unanimous in applause.

The exclusive pictures on these pages show what Mitropoulos does to rate this accolade. Conducting is no lazy man's job. It takes a lot of work to make the critics cheer.

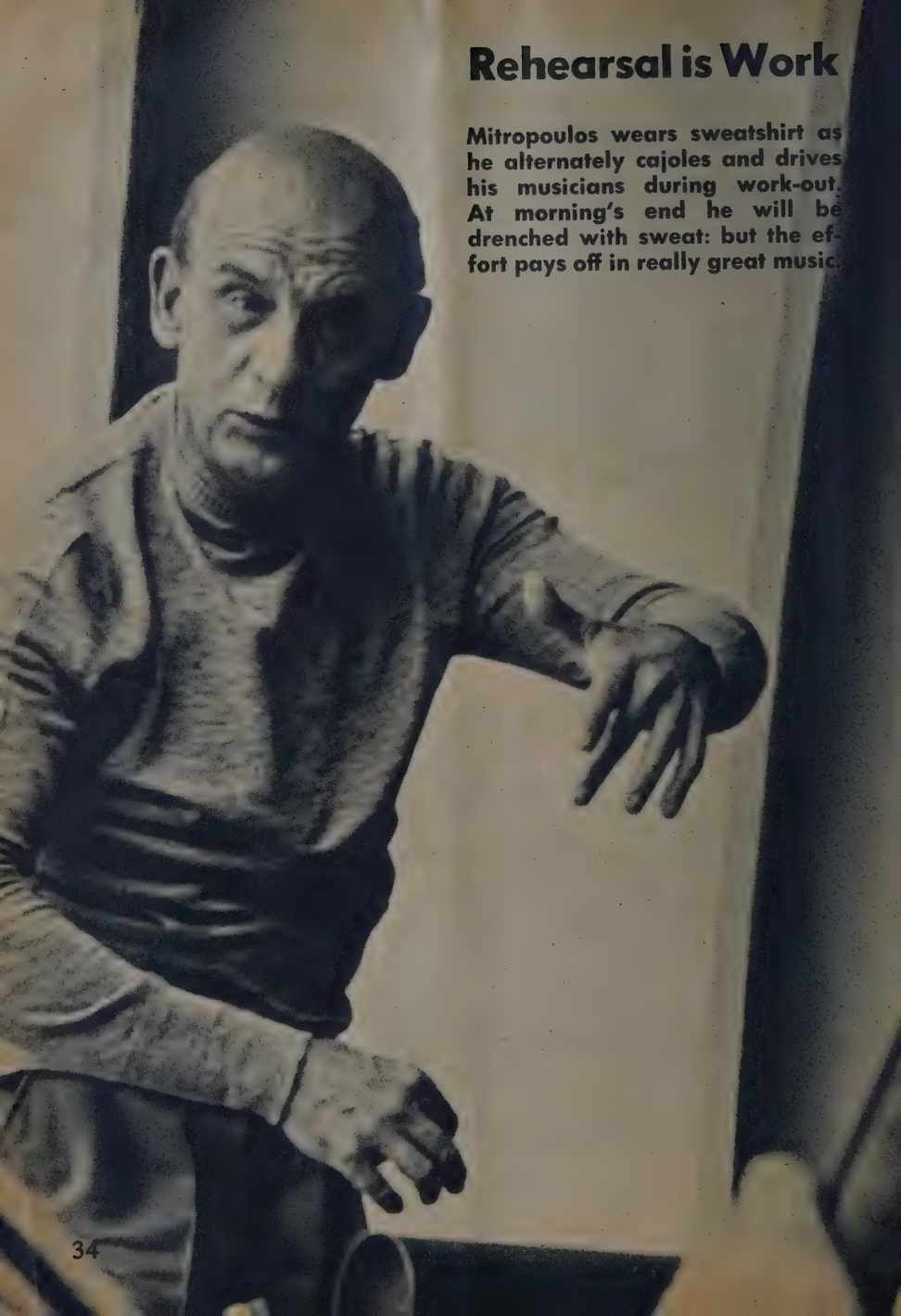

Emozione


Andantino


Pianissimo


Allegretto

Rehearsal is Work



Mitropoulos wears sweatshirt as he alternately cajoles and drives his musicians during work-out. At morning's end he will be drenched with sweat: but the effort pays off in really great music.

NO LOVE FOR THE PRINCESS

PRINCESS MARGARET'S lively and indomitable spirit has rocked British reserve and been the source of more spicy rumor and wanton speculation than any royal activity since the abdication of the Duke of Windsor. Back-fence chatter and high-level confabs have reviewed the Princess' comings and goings with mingled curiosity and concern since the day when, at 14 years, Margaret raided H.M.'s champagne.

Chatter grew to a monumental roar as the reports of Margaret's love for Group Capt. Peter Townsend leaked through the royal censors. So great was the sensi-



The later the hour, the more wine, the closer she dances

Most Talked About English Woman,



Queen Elizabeth and Margaret: For royalty, restrained affection

tivity of royalty that when the French picture magazine, *Paris Match,* ran several pictures of Margaret and Townsend in what appeared to be secluded spots, and the Major "who provides them with horses," the Major was fired. And, as you know, Townsend quickly, but not so quietly, disappeared.

Margaret's whirlwind teens first set tongues awaggin' with rumors that her private life was uninhibited. Her cheek to cheek dancing was too common for royalty; her love of champagne too spirited for a young princess. And the later the hour, the more champagne, the closer the dancing, the wilder the rumors.

Once in youthful frolic Margaret managed to elude her private eye, who follows her everywhere, by speeding through London in her date's Jaguar. She was found later, parked and enjoying a sound kissing—the only verified cuddle in Margaret's life.

Again she set the MPs and royal overseers on their respectable ears when she and Sharman Douglas broke into the can-can at an American Embassy party.

Her elders harumphed, to be

Margaret Breaks the Royal Rules . . .



In London's Odeon Theatre: For the Princess, a low-cut gown . . .

sure. But Margaret, undaunted, soon became the toast of such exclusive nightclubs as London's Bagatelle and Four Hundred.

But the Royal Court and the press report that Margaret has changed. They say she has grown in maturity, is serious-thinking and dignified. The reported change came as a result of her father's death and her unsuccessful love affair with Townsend.

From Brussels, however, comes word that Townsend never cared for Margaret. And it appears that the Princess has no broken heart either. Instead she is as much at odds with her family and royal tradition as she has ever been. This time, her "gay parties" are the sore spot. Although Meg lives in the palace, her quarters are a full block from the rest of the family and she is able to carry on as she wills. And reports have it that she is carrying on royally, that her pals come and go at all times.

Not since Elizabeth I has the British nation been so stirred by the affairs of a woman of royalty. But if she loves, and whom she loves, and where, is anyone's guess. The British are trying their hardest . . .

BEEFCAKE

Art minded Parisians will drop everything to choose beauty Queens. Recently they pulled a switch, elected Nicholas Szinkarsky "Gladiator of Paris" in a competition among the local muscle boys






QUEEN

THE FULL TRUE STORY OF WHAT HAPPENED WHEN 31 MEN AND ONE WOMAN WERE MAROONED ON A PACIFIC ISLAND 500 MILES SOUTH OF TOKYO. FROM THE LIPS OF THE WOMAN HERSELF—KAZUKO HIGA

BEE of ANATAHAN

EXCLUSIVE IN CARNIVAL

For six years she was alone with 31 men and then she returned to tell the world the true facts of Anatahan—a drama of lust and blood

Might was Right on This Lawless Isle

ON THE LITTLE island of Anatahan in the Pacific, 31 men and one woman lived in complete isolation for six years. A drama of spoilage, jealousy and bloodshed rarely equaled in human annals unfolded over the possession of the woman. Before the survivors were brought back to civilization, a dozen lives were lost.

Many stories about Anatahan and Kazuko Higa have been told. All picture Kazuko as a voluptuous woman who lorded over the 31 men as a sort of "Queen Bee," and attribute to her, as sole cause, the loss of life on Anatahan.

"I am not such an animal as I'm pictured," Kazuko says. "Being the only woman living among 31 men, I had no choice but to obey the will of those men."

She dressed only in banana leaves



To correct the impression created by the publicity given the Anatahan story, Kazuko Higa first told her story from the stage of Tokyo's Ginza burlesque theater. A short while later she came out with a Japanese film version called "The Truth About Anatahan Island." This is her story:

Kazuko moved to Anatahan on October 17, 1943, to join her husband who was a plant supervisor there. An agricultural engineer, Kikuichiro Higa and his wife were the only other Japanese on the island.

As the war became more intensified, Kikuichiro Higa evacuated his family, although he himself remained on the island. On June 6, 1944, Kazuko's husband left for Saipan to get his sister; he never returned. On June 9th U.S. planes bombed the island. That afternoon and the following day 30 survivors from disabled Japanese ships drifted ashore.

The dwindling food supply soon forced the 31 men to scatter through the island to forage. According to Kazuko, it was when they fled to the mountains that she "married" Kikuichiro Higa. The men had become restless, and while Kazuko was not yet openly molested, there was every indication

Men Fought and Killed to Possess Her

that danger was imminent. It was to remove the restlessness of the men, Kazuko says, that she married. But her marriage had just the opposite effect: it inflamed the men's instincts for possession and they quarreled constantly over her.

One morning in August of 1947 Riichiro Yanagibashi entered Kazuko's hut and forced her to submit to him or see her "husband" killed. "I had no alternative but to obey," Kazuko said.

Yanagibashi was the first to die. Kazuko and Kikuichiro were the only ones present at his death. Three weeks later Kikuichiro was murdered by Genjuro Yoshino.

With the death of Kazuko's second "husband," the group gathered together and named a new "husband" for her. Yoshina was chosen, and within short time, he was murdered by Moria Chiba.

The community met a second time to choose a "husband" for Kazuko. Although she offered to become community property, Chiba was chosen.

For the record: Besides the three mentioned, four other men were killed, three were "washed away" by waves, and two died of disease. Kazuko insists that she had nothing to do with their deaths.



Animal strength ruled the island

Married life with Chiba did not last long either. She was approached by another man for "marriage," but fed up with the greed and ugliness of man's nature, she went into hiding along the beach, waiting for a chance to give herself up to the American forces. It came on June 23, 1949. At the time, she was garbed only in banana leaves.

For first and only photos of the film version of the fantastic Anatahan story see the following pages



Mrs. Higa returned to Japan in 1953 and made this film at the same time Sternberg finished shooting his picture.

Heroine of Sternberg's 'Anatahan' Is Unknown Burlesque Girl from Tokyo



Based on the Anatahan episode this film lays bare inward urges and drives of the strande



31 men vied for her possession on an island ravaged by war and

FAMED MOVIE DIRECTOR Josef von Sternberg has completed the filming of "Anatahan" but it may be some time before the public learns the picture's theme. Made in absolute secrecy, the exclusive pictures on these pages give the first indication of what von Sternberg's film will be like; they show his characters and the violent, savage story they enact.

Von Sternberg's film, on which he has worked for more than 18 months, has been the target of violent attack by Mrs. Higa, the original figure in the Anatahan in-



governed by brute strength

cident. She has accused the American producer of misrepresenting her in his picture. She has threatened a libel suit against him, and a short while ago came out with her own Japanese film version called "The Truth About Anatahan Island." (Pictures on page 40-44.)

Spoils of War on An Isolated Island

Failing to see any cause for Mrs. Higa's bitter accusations, von Sternberg asserted that Mrs. Higa does not know what is going to be in his picture. He said it will show the single woman of the story in a much more favorable light than the heroine of Mrs. Higa's own published accounts of the episode.

"There can be no similarity between my film and Mrs. Higa's story," von Sternberg said. "The Anatahan episode which I spotted in *The New York Times* over a year and a half ago, is merely incidental to my film. What I am intending to show in my picture is that the Japanese are a community of people not foreign to those of any other country; that what happened to those Japanese on Anatahan might happen to anyone under the same circumstances."

Von Sternberg said that "the behavior of the people, no matter of what nationality or race, under circumstances in which they expect to spend the rest of their lives on a small island in the Pacific, is a story of great heroism.

"It is a story of such heroism," he said, "that it ranks with only two others in our whole literature: Homer's *Odyssey* and Defoe's *Robinson Crusoe*. It is these great quali-



She is won and lost in a drama that exposes the core of men's hearts

ties I am trying to bring out; and if there seems to be any sensationalism attached to the Anatahan theme, it is unintentional and I regret it."

Von Sternberg does not deny that his film treats the same Anatahan episode of which Mrs. Higa was the central figure—the story of one woman stranded with many men on a lone island during the war. "But," he said, "the island you will see in the film is my own —I had it drawn. And the jungle in this film exists nowhere on earth."

For those who dared to have her the penalty was violent death

In his story, von Sternberg says: "No one is prepared for catastrophe, and no one knows what he will do in a crisis. I proceed on the theory that the human being knows least about himself, that it takes a completely dispassionate approach to evaluate the actions of the human being and trace the motive of which he is not even aware himself." Von Sternberg's film will lay bare the inward urges and drives of the 32 people stranded on Anatahan Island for six years.

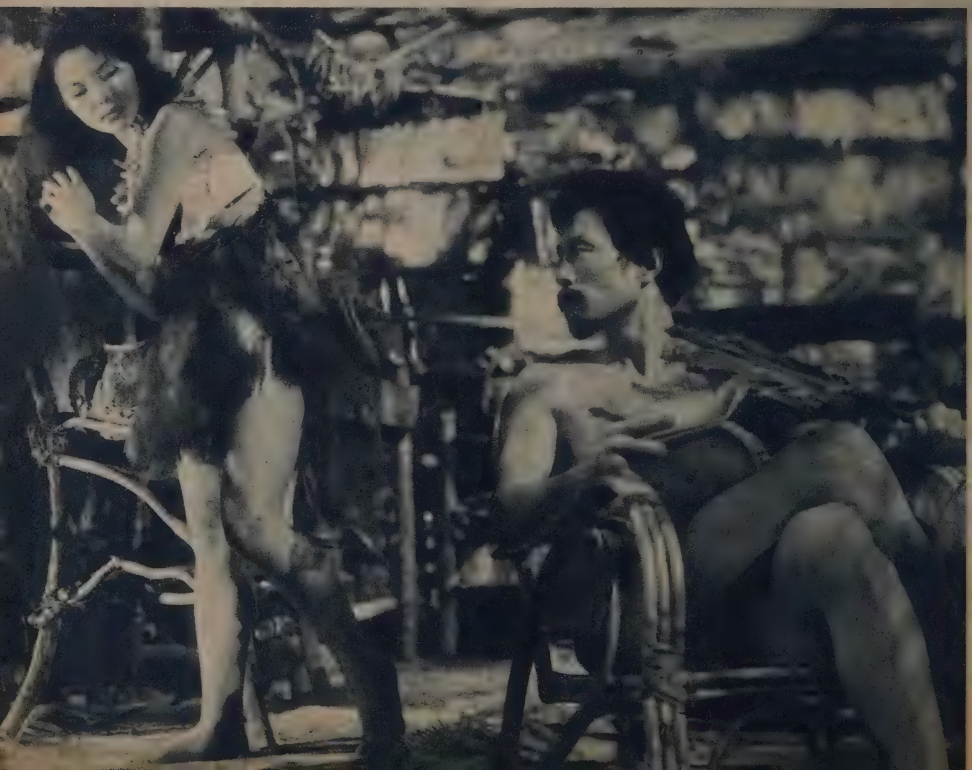
A Dozen Lives were Lost on Anatahan

Much research has gone into the production of this film. Von Sternberg's library contains practically everything that has been written about Anatahan, including detailed psychological reports on interviews and examinations of the survivors.

Asked to describe the main theme of his film, von Sternberg said he could only call it heroism —"the heroism of a handful of people who refuse for six years to believe that Japan has lost the war and go through the ritual of upholding their nation which is already under occupation." Although the theme is patriotic, von Sternberg says that the picture cannot be called nationalistic, pro-Japanese or pro-war. "It shows things which can only happen in wartime. It wants to point up the evils of war."

The heroine of von Sternberg's film is a burlesque girl from Tokyo, Miss Akemi Negishi. Half the cast in the Anatahan story are Japanese without previous movie acting experience. The picture is intended for world-wide release soon.

A home brought no escape from the greed of desperate men



HANDIES ARE BACK

The handy craze, which first swept the nation in 1937, is back again. American mothers will spend the next year unhappily watching their teen-agers twisting faces all out of natural form. A handy is a gesture which describes a thing or action. It is sign language gone berserk, and its practitioners will try anything, i.e. the girl below describing a moon (finger circle) over Miami (my-arm-i). Handy is no longer the appropriate term. Modern adolescents will use any moveable part of the body, including the tongue (see next page) and any person nearby to get across their ideas.



Girl demonstrates
'Moon over Miami'

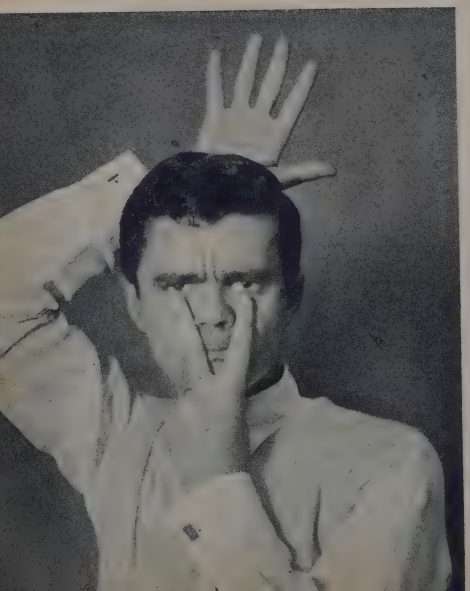


For the Kids: Not So Pretty, But Fun

Moron holding his likker



Junior Birdman



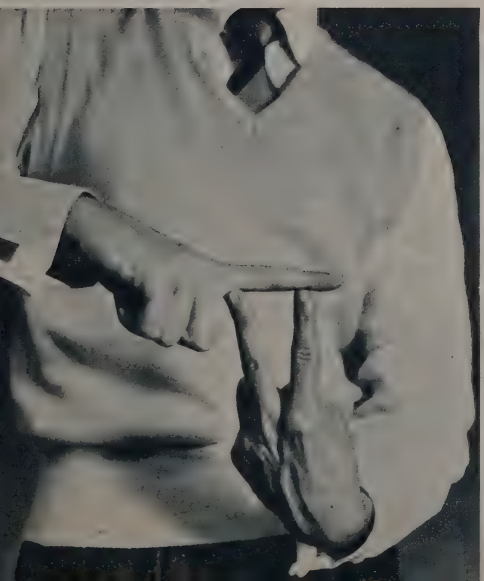
Injun driving Caddy V-8



An alligator singing in the rain



Spider standing on a mirror

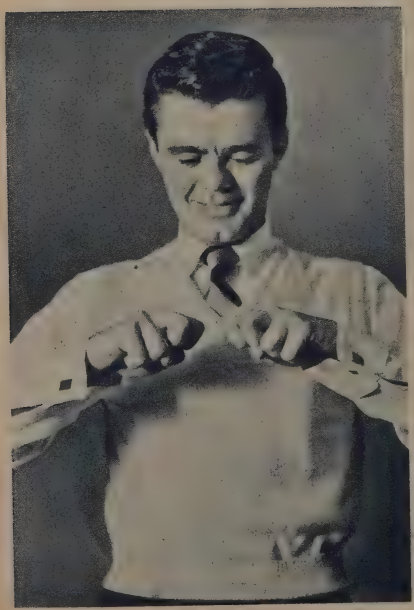


Tea for two

A Handy Expert Never Has to Talk

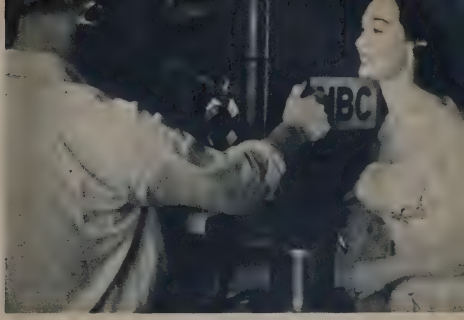


Marilyn Monroe ➧



➧ MM Meets Jane Russell

'I'm Adept With Curare . . . It Paralyzes People'



HOMICIDE HAPPY HOWARD



PROBABLY the most vicious killer in the country today is a pretty little brunette with a 35 inch bosom. Lisa Howard has made a good living, and a solid reputation for herself by committing mayhem and murder for the TV cameras. She has gone about her deadly business on almost all major dramatic shows, has only once played a good girl.

Basically, Lisa is an intellectual gone wrong. In addition to her TV chores, the parlous nature of which she deplores (although she accepts the $350 fee she gets from each show) she has written a novel, studied Shakespeare, attended college and drama school, and acted in summer stock theater. The novel is a five-hundred pager about drama students. Lisa reads it once a month, cries each time.

Lisa was born and raised in Cambridge, Ohio. Her real name is Dorothy Jean Guggenheim; she is distantly related to the millionaire Guggenheims. Her first TV shot was *Mysteries of Chinatown,* a thriller-chiller including trap

Pretty, but deadly, Lisa prefers poison to guns for TV killings





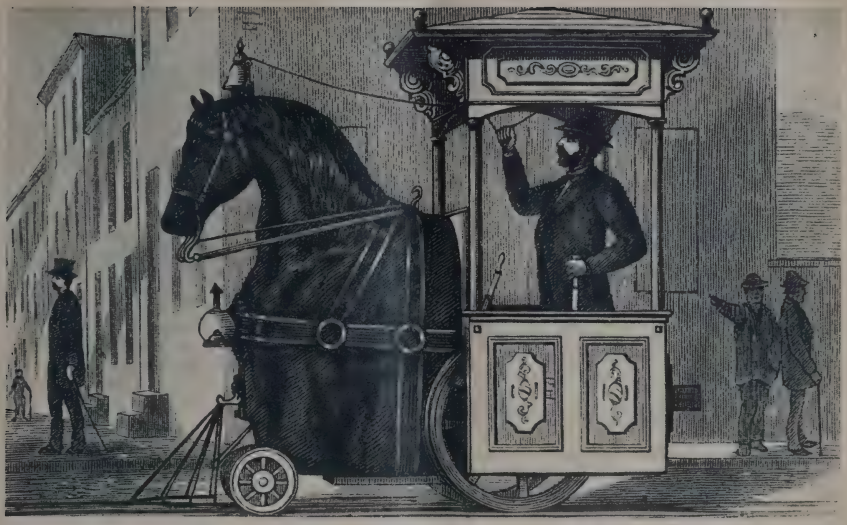
Mother of a five-year-old, she is now wife of Walter Lowendahl

doors and Oriental joss houses. At that time she was making $75 per appearance, a figure which she has since more than quadrupled. Her talent for murder was obvious, and from then on she played the steady series of sultry temptress' which made her fame. This fall: more TV, maybe a Broadway show, and housekeeping for hubby.

Her spice is variety. She has written a novel, studied Shakespeare







This steam trolley palmed itself off as a horse in order to avoid frightening four-legged traffic coming toward it along the route.

REG. PAT. OFF. U. S. A.

Familiar Note For Gadget Minded Are Mad Ideas Of Past Which Presaged Many Modern Inventions



Useful inventions are not generally the work of one man alone. They are built up gradually over a period of time by many men struggling with the same problem. On these pages: a few 19th Century gadgets which embodied principles later put to better use. No matter what *Pravda* says, these are strictly "made in U.S.A."

This ancient burglar alarm could be fastened to any door nob. It rang when nob was touched



The original strap-hanger could sleep easy in rough riding coaches



Keyboard guides hark back to this device for correct position

Modern Conveniences Use Ideas

Air device for mountain climbers presaged modern oxygen tank

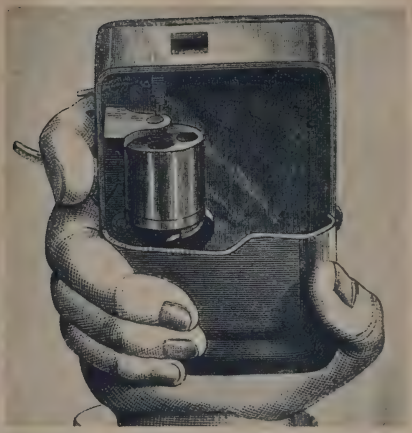


Like water wings, this device held non-swimmers in upright posture





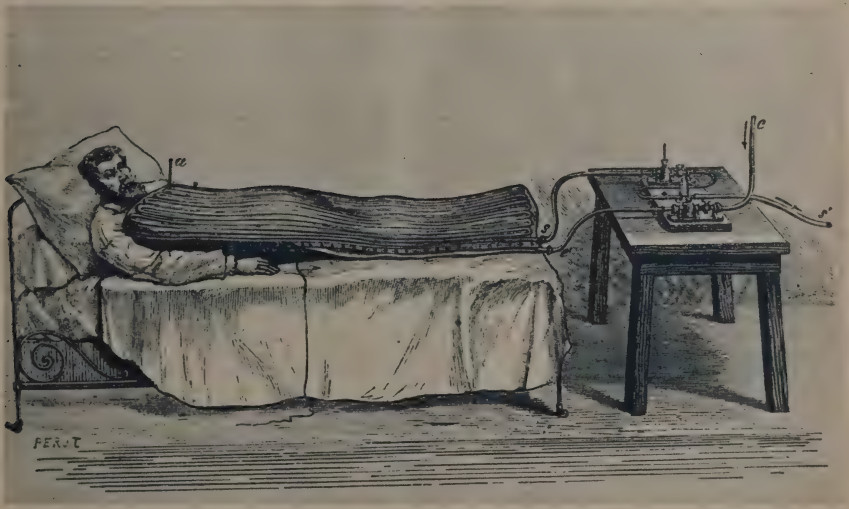
Principles of bicycle and roller skate in pedomotor saved feet



Pistol resembling wallet went off when handed to unhappy bandit

Behind These Weird Inventions

Pad reminiscent of the electric blanket, used to reduce fever, was filled with hot water tubes. Valves near bed controlled flow



Guide for Strip-teasers

THIS IS AS FAR AS YOU CAN GO



KANSAS

. . . in Kansas. You've got to be covered from thigh to shoulders, but you don't have to use a horse blanket. To strippers, knowledge of local ordinances is vital.

Florida

. . . in Florida. Coverage here must resemble bra and panties whenever possible. What happens in the heat of summer is fun, too.





Texas



TEXAS

. . . in Texas. Texans are not notably fastidious about their dress, but they want their daughters to cover at least six inches around the hips. Visiting girls are encouraged to maintain the same lively standards.

California



. . . in California. California is where little girls go to be big movie stars. Some of them wind up in strip alley, where they can remove everything but bras and panties. The Breen Office doesn't care.

Illinois

. . . in Illinois. Illinois means Chicago, and Chicago means let 'er rip. Limit in Chicago depends on the club-owners' discretion. Chicago club owners are hardly noted for discretion. Generally speaking, strippers find that climate of opinion, rather than local ordinances set the tone. In most cases strip laws forbid indecent exposure. Definition of indecency will depend on police chiefs.



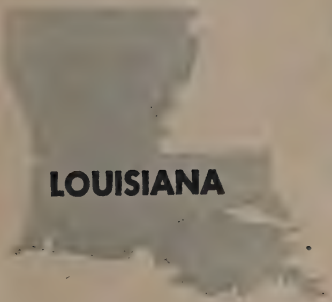

ILLINOIS

New York



. . . in New York. Who's mayor counts a lot. In '41 bumps had to be sideways, and the girls could uncover only one breast for eight bars of music. Now, the girls might as well stay home, which is where many patrons are.

Louisiana



. . . in Louisiana. New Orleans is noted for its gay French Market, and its Old World charm. It is also noted for what you see on this page, which has a kind of charm, too. No further comment is needed, or forthcoming.

HIS BUSINESS —

by HYMAN GOLDBERG

WHEN CLIFF RAYNOR, a handsome, rugged six-footer who is pushing into his forties, starts out for work in the morning, he is uncertain whether he may have to stand around for hours in his underwear, go golfing, hunting or fishing, be handed a glass of beer or a shot of booze, or lie down on a sofa with a beautiful, long-legged, well-rounded, firmly stacked young lady who has been waiting eagerly for him.

Cliff Raynor is a male model. Chores like these are all in the day's work to Cliff, and he is always ready to give his utmost, whether it be toying with a fat, unwilling trout or a lean, luscious amenable babe.

Cliff is proud of his occupation, and he gets a great kick out of seeing his face in newspapers, magazines and billboards.

Another thing that pleases him is that he seems to have created a vogue of some sort among male models. It used to be, say the people in the advertising business, that the male models were all rather delicate and flower-like. Cliff is anything but that. He looks like a successful young executive-sportsman; photographers refer to "the Cliff Raynor type," when they want a handsome, but ruggedly male type.

Raynor is six feet tall, weighs 178 pounds, has light brown hair and blue eyes. He wears a size 40 long suit, which is standard for models. "I've got to watch my diet," he says, "just as carefully as an athlete, or an actor or an actress. I could eat myself out of the business very easily. And I can't go carousing around town. Not often, anyway. If you don't get enough sleep, it shows up in your eyes, and the photographers spot it very quickly. The young



Versatility is essential to Cliff's long success. He looks good in bed . . .

LOVE AND MURDER

executive type has to be clear-eyed and sharp-looking all the time, and since I make my living by looking like a young executive, I've got to be clear-eyed and sharp."

In a good deal of his work Cliff's face is never used. He has large, capable-looking hands, with long, well-shaped fingers, and his hands alone are sometimes used by photographers. "Very often," he says, "my hands are the only part of me that shows in a picture. Those artists and photographers think of the most peculiar places for me to put them. Sometimes I'm caressing girls, and sometimes I'm killing them, with a knife, or a gun, or a rope, or with my bare hands. The things I've had to do with women to make a living!"

Most of Cliff's friends think he is very lucky to be working with beautiful models every day and Cliff, of course, thinks it's nice, too. "They're a wonderful bunch of kids," he says, "and I like most of them a lot. But to us it's just a business. That's the way the girls look at it, and that's the way I've got to look at it, too. If I made a habit of thinking any other way, word would get around awfully quick, and I'd be injured in my



'As a convict, I walked to the gallows

work. Anyway, working with girls who are as beautiful as that builds up a sort of immunity to beauty. You get accustomed to it; you take it for granted that the girls are going to be beautiful, and you're not surprised when they are. Some of my friends, of course, find that hard to believe, but it's true, nevertheless.

"Away from work, it's altogether different. When a pretty girl passes me on the street, I find myself giving her the eye, just like any other man. And sometimes when I compare her beauty with the one I've been kissing all day, it seems kind of funny to me."

Kissing for photographers and illustrators, says Cliff, is altogether removed from ordinary, normal, every-day kissing between a boy and a girl where something beside a picture is the end result. When models kiss they can't be casual, or half-hearted about it, or the picture will not be convincing. If the kiss isn't good enough to convince people who look at it that they are doing a bit of illicit Peeping-Tomming, then the picture won't sell anything.

as a genial, smiling host . . .



In order to achieve this fiery result, Cliff Raynor's kisses are probably the longest-lasting and most ardent kisses extant. "Sometimes," he says, "the girl I'm going to pose with tells me at the last minute that she's had no experience at whatever we're supposed to do, and asks me to take her off into a corner before we start working and to teach her.

"Once, I was hired to make a movie film for a spot television commercial for a cigaret company. Just before they started shooting, the girl, a lovely kid, came up to me and whispered that she had never smoked a cigaret. Would I show her how? So I took her out into the corridor, and in five minutes I taught her how to light a cigaret, how to draw on it, and how to inhale. I thought she'd get sick in front of the camera, but she went through with it fine, smoking like a chimney. I've been waiting ever since for some girl to

tell me that she didn't know how to kiss, but that's never happened. Somehow, no matter how young they are, they're all the greatest experts at that."

Starting out in life as an actor with stock companies, Cliff took up modelling as a part-time occupation some 20 years ago, to fill in when parts were scarce. Pretty soon, however, artists and photographers began giving him so much work that he had no time, and even less inclination, to accept the insecure and spasmodic work available on the stage. He became a full-time model and he has been working at it ever since. As one of the top male models in the business, he rates $20 an hour.

Cliff says that his early days acting with stock companies helped to make him successful as a model. "A good model," he says, "is a good actor. Every picture calls for a different situation, and you've got to throw yourself into the part. Just the other day, for instance, I had an assignment posing as a convict walking to the gallows. My face had to express the feelings of a man who was about to die.

Very often strangers come up to Cliff and tell him that his face "seems awfully familiar." Most often, he says, "they think they've seen me in the movies. Once at a party, a very pretty girl I met said she thought I seemed familiar



or working a brook for trout.

to her, and somehow, she seemed familiar to me, too. We spent a lot of time together at the party, and we got to be pretty good friends.

"After a while, both of us remembered. We actually had met before that party we'd worked to- but we'd spent hours and hours in each other's arms. She was a model, too, and about six months before the party we'd worked together on a job where we were supposed to be lovers in a magazine story. We'd acted like lovers for hours for the photographer. I remembered it well, because it had been an exhausting day. When I told her where we'd met before, she laughed and laughed. It had been, she said, an exhausting day for her, too."

ROUGH & TUMBLE JUNIOR BOOTERS

Only Organized Junior Soccer Teams in the U.S.A., These Eight and Nine-Year-Old Enthusiasts From Philadelphia Are Veritable Dynamos On The Playing Field, Their Games As Fast, Exciting As Adult Frays





Kids Practice Daily During the Summer





Lighthouse provides boys with rooms, field and all their equipment

SOCCER, THE ROUGH and tumble game for hard hides and insensitive shins is no longer "for adults only." A group of eight-and nine-year-olds have invaded the playing field and are proving that age is no hindrance to swift action, genuine enthusiasm and a hard fought game.

Under the sponsorship of the Philadelphia Lighthouse, a community settlement house serving 89,000 residents of the industrial Kensington district, these junior booters are trained to top-playing level; their fervor and skill are as great as that of their soccer-playing elders.

Those ordinary plays that distinguish soccer from all other field



Before the game, they pledge all

. . . Are Proficient in Boots and Bumps



No stopping them once the ball is booted—action is fast and furious



'I want the ball' . . . when a driving force meets three moving bodies

Kids Learn Adult Theories, and Plays,



Heads up and tension showing two junior booters launch themselves for the ball in a game at the Philadelphia Lighthouse Stadium. The Lighthouse has 17 acres of playing fields plus men's, women's and boys' buildings and swimming pools. Valued at three-quarters of a million, it is the largest of its kind in country

Execute Them Swiftly and With Skill

sports—such as hitting the ball with the head—are a primary part of the kid's game. In fact, except for shorter playing periods, the youngsters play the same game the adults do—no holds barred. Their jaunty enthusiasm, unlike the adults, sometimes ends up in pigpiles on the playing field. But for the most part, they are little men, pursuing their chosen sport with resolute purpose. Before a game, they pledge their utmost in a fraternal handshake over the soccer ball. After the game they gather to discuss their playing. These youngsters give and take criticism with ease. It is not thought to be personal, but for the improvement of their individual game and the good of the team.

And their hard work pays off. In 1952, the midgets won the Philadelphia title. Their record: 66 wins and two ties in their last 70 games.

The Lighthouse plant, which extends over 17 acres, is the largest of any settlement house in the country. It is worth from half to three-quarters of a million dollars, and includes many playing fields, locker-rooms and showers. Most of the funds for the Lighthouse plant are provided by the Philadelphia Community Chest; money for the boys' gear comes from business houses and churches, or from the Lighthouse budget.

It is estimated that 12,000 people use the facilities of the Lighthouse, and that 1600 of these are boys. Former major league catcher Jimmy Wilson once practiced on



In the boy's locker room after the game, two teammates talk over the game. There is much open criticism and praise for individual members of the teams depending on their play that afternoon

Lighthouse Instructs 17 Midget Teams

the Lighthouse playing fields.

The young soccer enthusiasts who pile into the Lighthouse compete with one another for positions on the 17 intra-mural teams. Those chosen are out every afternoon during the season for instruction and practice. They can, if they want, play all year round.

Instructed by former soccer players, the boys become excellent players and make good raw material for future Olympic teams. But this is hardly on their minds.

The shower: no matter how hard you run 'em they're still young boys



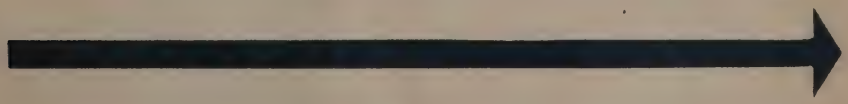
SEX IN THE DORMS

Are American College Students Immoral? Gilbert Youth Survey Checked Hundreds Of Students, Produced Some Amazing Facts

YOU READ alarming things in the papers about students in colleges and universities. Headlines about wild parties, scandals, even murder. Are they truly representative? Has the moral climate relaxed that much under the impact of a World War II and another pending? Are the 1950's wilder than the roaring '20s?

The Gilbert Youth Research conducted a survey among students in 14 institutions located in 10 representative U. S. cities—Loyola and Northwestern universities in Chicago; the University of Syracuse; the University of California in Los Angeles; the University of Wisconsin, Madison; the University of Cincinnati and Xavier College, Cincinnati; Duke University, Durham, North Carolina; the University of Miami (Florida); the University of Chattanooga, and New York University, City College of New York and Hunter College in New York City.

Conclusions? Interesting, we think, but not alarming. They tend to tally with Mr. Kinsey's which found college people relatively circumspect. Young people are still biologically curious, occasionally experimental, but not promiscuous. The "other guy" always seems a bit more daring to them. No names were asked, so the students would answer the questionnaires candidly.



1. How widespread are wild parties . . . ? Are they the general rule, or the exception . . . ? Who participates . . . how often . . . ? Can they be stopped?

Figures below show a bright picture. Only 7% of all male students polled had even heard of sex orgies, and only one out of five knew of wild beer brawls. These statistics are in direct contradiction to general opinion, which says that most college students spend their spare time in riotous living. The fact is, drinking bouts are relatively rare, hardly a constant factor in student life. A few incidents have given the entire college population a bad name.

No Wild Parties, to Person's Knowledge	Male	22.4%
	Female	31.9
General Cutting-up; Beer Brawls—Loud and Boisterous	Male	19.4
	Female	17.8
Heavy Drinking and Promiscuous Petting	Male	27.6
	Female	21.0
Sex Relations	Male	22.9
	Female	24.8
Sex Orgies	Male	7.7
	Female	4.5

2. Intercourse . . . Is it frequent . . . ? What about necking . . . ? Are college girls "easy" . . . ? Do engaged couples indulge in sex more often . . . ?

Statistics on sexual activities indicate that, for the most part, students confine themselves to mild necking. However, nearly half the women, and 3 out of 4 men, have had some intercourse. But with most, it is not habitual. The picture is one of the occasional fling. In the case of women it is often only once. It is not so much a question of immorality as plain curiosity. Figures for women seem to indicate, in accord with the Kinsey figures, that while a few are promiscuous, most can take it or leave it.

		Often	Seldom	Never
Kissing	Male	88.8%	10.0%	1.2%
	Female	74.5	21.0	4.5
Discriminate Petting	Male	80.6	17.1	2.3
	Female	27.4	16.6	56.0
Promiscuous Petting	Male	58.8	32.4	8.8
	Female	19.8	14.0	66.2
"The Limit"	Male	26.5	29.4	44.1
	Female	14.0	10.8	75.2

DO YOU CONFINE YOUR SEX ACTIVITIES TO A CERTAIN PERSON?		
	Yes	No
Male	28.4%	71.6%
Female	53.5	46.5

3. What about the first time . . . ? When did it take place . . . ? Where . . . ? Was it intentionally planned . . . ? Whose idea, boy or girl . . . ? Was it enjoyable . . . ? Disgusting . . . ? Frightening . . . ? Indifferent . . . ? Was it forced . . . ? Under the influence of alcohol . . . ? Result of a sudden emotion . . . ? During high school . . . ? Earlier?

Interestingly enough, 98% of the women who have had sexual experience in college started before they left high school. With men, it is 9 out of 10. These figures indicate that colleges, far from being lax, tend to prevent promiscuous behavior. Surprising is the fact that 3 of 10 initial sex acts were planned by women, again revealing that curiosity, rather than moral looseness is predominate.

IF YOU HAVE GONE "THE LIMIT" HOW OLD WERE YOU THE FIRST TIME?			
	Under 14	Male	21.0%
		Female	23.1
	14-16	Male	36.8
		Female	46.2
	17-18	Male	30.5
		Female	28.2
	Over	Male	11.7
		Female	2.5

WAS YOUR FIRST EXPERIENCE		
Intentionally Planned	Male	69.5%
	Female	28.2
Result of Sudden Emotion	Male	27.4
	Female	41.0
Under Influence of Liquor	Male	2.1
	Female	20.5
Under Duress	Male	1.0
	Female	10.3

WAS YOUR IMMEDIATE REACTION		
Pleasurable	Male	87.4%
	Female	76.9
Disgusting	Male	3.2
	Female	12.8
Indifferent	Male	3.2
	Female	—
Frightening	Male	6.2
	Female	10.3

4. What about marriage? Virginity for both partners? For men . . . ? For women . . . ?

But the sexes took opposite stands on the desirability of virginity in a marriage partner. 3 of 4 men required it of women, only one quarter of the girls thought it necessary for men. This is directly in line with common opinion (since borne out by the recent Kinsey report) that men have sexual privileges women don't need. The inescapable conclusion of the Gilbert survey is that college students are much maligned. The facts speak for themselves: the American student is much more circumspect than his counterpart almost any place in the world.

IF SINGLE, WOULD YOU INSIST ON YOUR PARTNER'S VIRGINITY AT MARRIAGE?		
	Yes	No
Male	72.9%	27.1%
Female	28.0	72.0

WIRED FOR DEATH

by HARRY HENDERSON

THE FIRST MAN sentenced to have "a current of electricity passed through your body until you are dead" was a tough, dark-eyed New York murderer named Ernst Chapeleau. However, the new-fangled electric chair was not ready when the execution date rolled around and Chapeleau's sentence was commuted to life imprisonment.

That was in 1889. The next murderer, William Kemmler, was not so fortunate. The chair was ready and did its work. In the 64 years that have passed since that first ghastly electrocution at Auburn prison, New York, nearly 1,000 persons, ranging from the most vicious killers to the innocent, have been executed in this manner.

As a young reporter, I saw my first chair nearly 20 years ago at Bellefonte prison in Pennsylvania. Since then I have seen the famous Sing Sing "hot seat" and others. They are monotonously alike.

Most electric chairs have been built in the prison carpenter shops. The electrical work is done by outside contractors. At today's prices, I am told, a chair would cost $5,000 to install. Built of solid oak and bolted, rather than joined together, the chair usually has two legs in back and a heavier, post-like leg in front, all bolted to the floor.

The "humane" character of the chair is based on its split-second speed and effectiveness. At Sing Sing, where 560 persons have been electrocuted, the entire process takes only three minutes from the moment the prisoner enters the death chamber. The first 30 seconds are consumed in leading him to the chair and strapping him in.

There are no last minute words by anybody. Occasionally the condemned man may murmur, "Goodbye." As the guards step back, the warden signals the executioner.

Making sure everyone is clear of the chair, the executioner throws the switch, trying to time it so that the lungs are empty. This prevents a "gurgling" sound as air is forced out of the lungs by the shock of the current.

The current, 2,000 volts at 11 amperes, instantly hurls the body forward against the straps and it turns a vivid red. Wisps of white smoke sometimes emerge from the electrodes. (The charge is sufficient to light some 800 electric bulbs.) Three seconds later the charge is reduced to 500 volts at 4 amperes and held for 57 seconds. Reduction of the current causes the body to slump. It grows rigid again as the

current is shot up to 2,000 volts for three more seconds, collapses as it is reduced to 800 volts, and again grows rigid as the charge is gradually stepped up for a final three seconds at 2,000 volts. Then the current is cut off.

A guard springs forward, rips open the condemned man's shirt, and wipes perspiration from the chest with a towel. (The body has reached a temperature of 138 degrees; the temperature of the brain is 210 degrees, nearly that of boiling water.) The prison doctor then applies his stethoscope, listens for a heartbeat, and hearing none, pronounces the prisoner dead. If he is doubtful, he calls for another 2,000 volt charge. Guards quickly unstrap the limp body. It is then lifted onto a hospital type table and wheeled into the adjacent autopsy room.

The electric chair was brought into existence by the cut-throat competition between two bitter business rivals, Thomas A. Edison and George Westinghouse, each of whom was hoping to dominate the newly-born electric power industry.

Edison had perfected the first electric power system in 1882, using low-tension, direct current. Although hailed as the miracle of the age, it required heavy, expensive installation. Two years later Westinghouse perfected an alternating



current system which used light, easily installed wires and had other advantages.

When a workman was accidentally electrocuted while installing the Westinghouse AC system, Edison saw the chance to deliver a hammer blow to Westinghouse. He hired a young electrical engineer named Harold P. Brown to visit towns interested in obtaining electrical installations. Brown would set up an alternating current generator and demonstrate it—by electrocuting a few stray dogs, cats and decrepit horses.

Brown's triumphal tour ended in Albany where, in what was expected to be Westinghouse's downfall, Brown demonstrated to a group of legislators how speedily

William Kemmler Was The First To Die

electricity could kill.

But their plan had a different result. Several legislators had recently witnessed the revolting hanging of a fat man whose head was wrenched off. Brown's speedy, bloodless electrocutions suggested to them that electrocution was the humane way to execute criminals. After much debate the legislature passed a law, on May 10, 1888, substituting electrocution for hanging.

Then Brown, Edison's wonder-boy, came forward with a plan for an "electric chair" to be powered by one of Westinghouse's AC dynamos. The chair, he said, had real dignity. Construction of the chair began immediately.

Meanwhile, in Buffalo, a man named William Kemmler had taken a hatchet and murdered his sweetheart, a homely girl named Tillie Ziegler. Quickly convicted, he was sentenced to electrocution.

Then something happened which upset the lawmakers. Two electricians, installing an AC line, were electrocuted. Doctors, working on them for six hours, revived them. The startling question of whether electrocuted dead men would stay dead popped up. Westinghouse was delighted. New York's startled officials went into a huddle and came out with an amendment which they hastily tacked onto the electrocution bill. It provided for an immediate autopsy following the electrocution. *Autopsied men are dead for keeps.*

None of this fazed Kemmler, however. He now looked upon himself with considerable satisfaction. No longer was he a brutal, unknown and insignificant murderer. Fate had made him a martyr to science, a benefactor to society, and he played the role to the hilt.

At 6:30 A.M. on the morning of August 6, 1890, when Warden Charles F. Durston led Kemmler into Auburn prison's new death chamber, Kemmler was by far the calmest man in the room. The warden introduced him to the witnesses and Kemmler, bowing to them, made a short speech, wishing them luck. Then he slipped off his coat so the guard could adjust the electrode. He cautioned them, as he pressed his back firmly against the electrode, "Now take your time and do it right, warden."

A moment later he suggested the head electrode be tightened. He pushed and strained against the straps to test them. Finally he seemed satisfied. The warden opened the door to the next room where Electrician Edward F. Davis stood at the switch. "Goodbye, William," said the warden. This was the signal to Davis to throw the switch. Almost simultaneously Kemmler's body flung itself against the straps. His face turned white. The stench of burning hair and

flesh filled the room. Two doctors with stop-watches nodded after 17 seconds. "He's dead," they said. The warden signaled for the power to be cut off. The rigid body crumpled limply. The witnesses drew a deep breath of relief.

Then a witness screamed in horror, "Great God, he's alive!" Sure enough, Kemmler was breathing in deep, convulsive gasps. Others screamed for the current to be turned on again. "Kill him, for God's sake, and get it over with!" Two fainting witnesses fell to the floor. Another retched and bolted from the room. Warden Durston, who had begun unloosening the head electrode, tightened it and hurriedly signaled for the current to be turned on again.

Again the body straightened, plunged against the straps. As the dynamo hummed on, a blue flame broke out around the spinal electrode. Beads of blood stood out on the face as the capillary blood vessel walls broke down. At last—after 70 seconds at 1,300 volts—the current was cut off. The doctors examined Kemmler's limp, hot body and pronounced him dead. The horrified witnesses rushed from the room. Davis, the electrician turned executioner, wired Westinghouse: "Execution awful botch. Kemmler literally roasted to death."

The autopsy report bore him out. It revealed the electrodes had severely burned the body, the brain was baked hard and filled with carbonized blood, the spinal muscles were "cooked like overdone beef." Westinghouse snorted angrily, "They could have done better with an axe."

But each electrocution added experience and, eventually, improvement in technique or equipment.

The late Warden Lewis E. Lawes of Sing Sing, during his 20-year reign there, introduced many innovations in the handling of electrocutions. He did everything he could to simplify the ceremonies of the chair, eliminating the death warrant, and reduced the condemned man's total time in the death chamber from 15 to three minutes.

Lawes, who had begun his career as a prison guard at Clinton prison, believed in capital punishment when he first became Sing Sing's warden. But after presiding over more than 120 electrocutions, he could not see what good was accomplished by it. He began a vigorous campaign. "Capital punishment is a punishment for revenge, for retaliation, not for protection" was his theme.

Popular interest in this issue dwindled and died in the '30s when unemployment and relief for millions of law-abiders became the nation's No. 1 problem. Today it would seem that the chair, product of the rivalry between Edison and Westinghouse, is here to stay.

ONLY THE BRAVE DESERVE THE SEXY



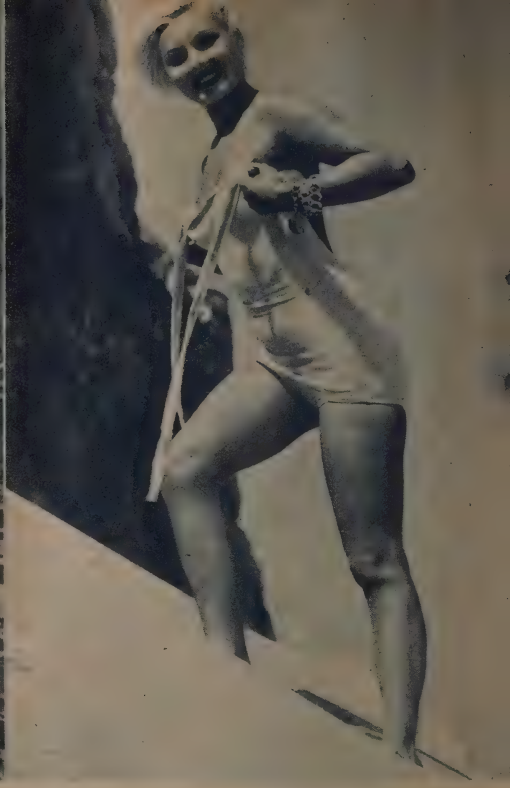
STOP READING right here, and cast your eyes across to the opposite page. The girl you were looking at is called Barbara Payton. Her hobby is watching men fight. Not so long ago Franchot Tone and Tom Neal were amusing themselves in Miss Payton's living room. Words were bandied, and they ended up outside where Mr. Neal broke Mr. Tone's nose. This did not faze Mr. Tone. He went ahead and married the girl. Mr. Neal mooned unhappily around Hollywood for awhile, and in due time Barbara shucked Mr. Tone. Tone's jealousy was the reason given, but close friends say privately that the marriage was doomed from the start. Now Barbara, who had at one point been married to businessman John Payton (she had a son by him) was free to single date Mr. Neal again. At the moment he and Barbara may or may not be married. CARNIVAL reporters could get no firm answer to this question. "Maybe they're married, maybe they're not," said Mr. Neal's attorney.

At any rate, Barbara has little need of a husband to support her. As a result of the Tone-Neal bout, she has become a hot draw at the box office. Her first picture, appropriately titled *Run For The Hills* made a neat bit of coin, and her second, co-starring, naturally, Mr. Tom Neal, is doing all right. Title: *The Jesse James Raid.*

And if the movies fail, she can fall back on her old profession,







This caption is superfluous. Look up, and behold the splendor

modeling. She was good enough to earn herself a white mink coat.

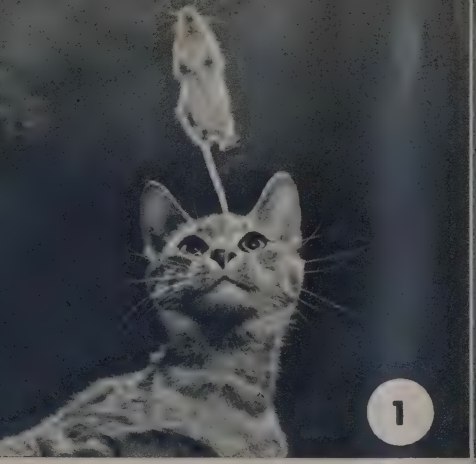
At 25, Barbara can look back on a mildly checkered career. She was born in Minnesota, but shortly after was transplanted to Texas, amid much sorrowing in her small Minnesota town. She hung around Texas long enough to acquire a tan, and then ventured into Hollywood, modeling, not movies, foremost in her mind. After the success of her modeling school the young gentlemen around town caught on, and she started training husbands. Before she was twenty she had run through two, who were presumably well domesticated by the time they moved out. The second, John Payton, gave her a son, now five. At the moment the fighting has halted. Barbara and Tom Neal keep company quietly, with a minimum of bloodshed.

Of men, she has one thing to say: "A man's sex appeal begins with the way he says good morning, and ends with the way he says good night."

Good night, Barbara dear.



The assets of Hedy Lamar, Jane Russell, and Marilyn Monroe are neatly combined in this combustible little blondeshell who has Hollywood eating candy from her pink palms



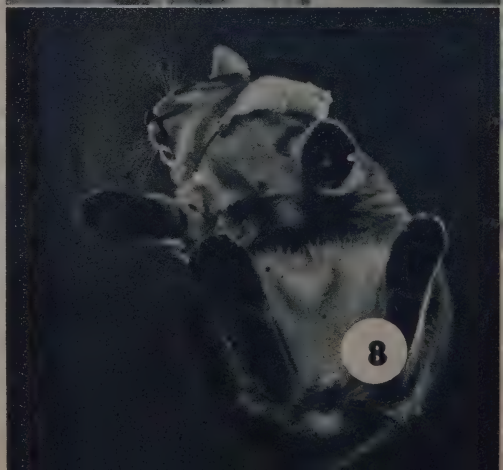


PLAYFUL ENEMIES

Extraordinary Pics Were Made From Underneath: Hold Over Head For Effect

In these spectacular pictures a cat goes through the pantomine of death which has been the habit of cats since time began. The target is spotted (1), pursued (2), caught (3 and 4), escapes (5), is caught again (6). Groggy, he tries to get away (8 and 9), but cat tires and mouse, still alive and lively plays alone (10).






3


4


6


7


9


10

HOW HARD CAN





ROCKY PUNCH?

When Rocky Marciano dumped Jersey Joe Walcott in the first round at Chicago the fight fans screamed fraud. But those who were close enough to see the glassy look in Jersey Joe's eyes wondered. This is the man who they say hits harder than anyone since Dempsey. But what do the fighters say? For answers, turn page



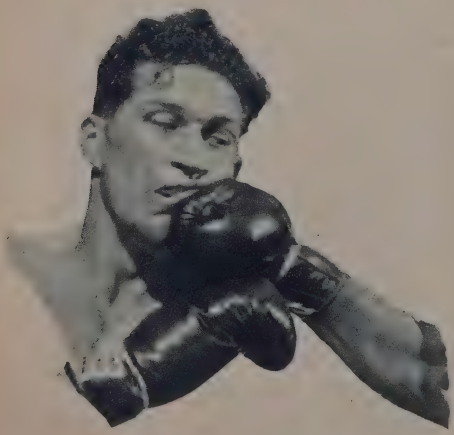
Left: Joe Louis gets hit

Below: same for Matthews

THE TALK is that Rocky Marciano can out-hit anyone in the fight game today. Some of the more exuberant critics are saying he hits harder than anyone since Dempsey.

CARNIVAL decided to ask the men who know best just what Rocky has. We checked with the fighters who have felt the murderous power of those lethal fists. We found out a lot.

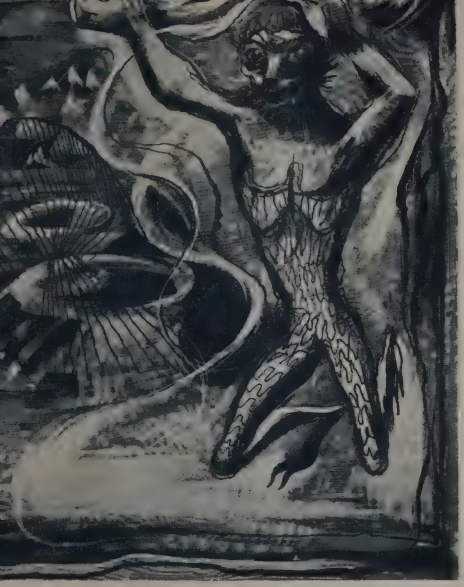
Joe Louis was old and tired when he fought Rocky in October of 1951. But Louis had been hit by some very good fighters. About Rocky he says this: "He hits hard enough to knock out anyone. I think he hit me harder than Schmeling did when he knocked me out. Schmeling needed about 100 punches before he wore me down. Marciano knocked me out with one punch—or maybe it was just a couple."



Walcott, who got it twice, never seemed to be able to make up his mind. After the first fight in September of 1952 he said, "He hurt me whenever he hit me and wherever he hit me." But earlier, just after he had come out of the ring he said, "He didn't really hurt me at any time." After the second fight he said roughly the same thing: "I wasn't hurt at any time. I guess it was a left hook and punch-push or something that knocked me down." In the light of the fact that Joe was practically paralyzed, this sounds a little silly.

Roland La Starza has not been willing to credit Marciano with the best punch going. He says, "All I can say is that I've been hit harder than Marciano hit me. I'm not saying he's not a great puncher. I didn't see the punch that knocked me down. I had ducked down, closing my eyes. Bad habit of mine."

Bad habit indeed. And against Marciano, it can be a deadly fault.



SPACE MEN DO EXIST

On these pages, an artist's idea of how space men look. Facts are based on latest data available

Mars is a likely spot for the existence of life. Four-fifths of the surface is red sand, but in the spring there's a belt of green, which changes to brown in the summer, russet in the fall, and dull grey in the winter. It is believed to be a type of lichen, an earth plant found on mountain rocks. Mars man (above) would have fur, to withstand extreme cold, and large lungs and nose to breath rarefied atmosphere. But otherwise he would not be much different from men on the earth.

THE QUESTION of the existence of life on other planets has always fascinated scientists and laymen alike. For hundreds of years man has been considering the pros and cons. For early cultures, the stars were the home of the gods. But since the beginning of modern astronomy, scientists have ruled out "life as we know it" for any place other than the earth.

The catch phrase is "as we know it." Obviously, unless temperatures and atmospheres comparable to those on earth are present, an organism such as man cannot exist. But recent discoveries, particularly those of a University of California biologist named Claud Zobell have shown that life is extremely varied, and that organisms

will adapt itself to almost any set of circumstances.

Dr. Zobel has caught and cultured tiny marine bacteria which are neither plants nor animals, but lie somewhere in-between. Like plants, they breathe carbon dioxide. But they get their energy from methane and ammonia, two gases poisonous to humans.

This is the point: Jupiter and Saturn have large amounts of methane and ammonia in their atmospheres. Venus has a great deal of carbon dioxide. Hitherto, scientists had ruled out the possibility of life on these planets because of the presence of these gases. But since Dr. Zobel has shown that life can exist under such strange circumstances, there is every reason to believe that the planets contain some form of life.

Another scientist, Nobel-prize-winning atomic researcher Dr. Harold Urey has estimated that there are one quadrillion (1,000,000,000,000,000) bodies in space capable of supporting life. 3 billion years ago the earth's atmosphere was made up of hydrogen, ammonia, and methane gases. The ultraviolet rays from the sun turned these elements into more complex chemicals. Thus, Dr. Urey figures, with billions of chemical compounds floating around in the oceans, eventually the ones necessary to start life met and joined.

Thus, we can safely conclude that there *must* be life someplace outside of the earth. Anything that happens once can happen again.



There are about 50,000 asteroids (small planets) in our solar system. Because of their size, they hold little atmosphere, have practically no water, and very low gravity. For this reason the asteroid man must be equipped with claws or suction grips to keep him from floating off into space. He must move slowly; he could literally jump off his planet. He would need enormous breathing equipment, and would have to stick close to what small water sources there are.



Conditions on Venus resemble somewhat conditions on earth a billion or so years ago. The Venusian (right) might have some plant-like characteristics. He would have to live in heavy dust storms, breath carbon dioxide. He would need thick hair and scale coverings to ward off dust. Unfortunately, a carbon dioxide atmosphere makes it impossible for telescopes to penetrate to the surface of Venus. As far as we can tell, there is very little water: but there is probably enough to sustain life. The Venusian would absorb moisture through his skin from the atmosphere or mud pools around him.



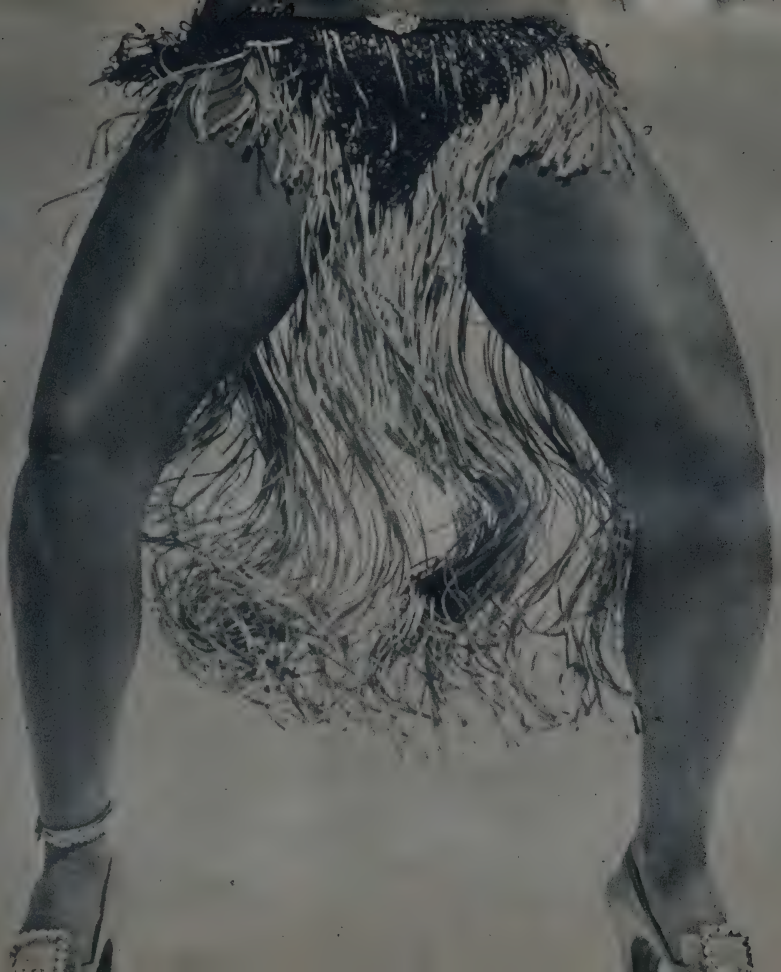
The planet Mercury has a relatively temperate strip running between two zones of extremes. Temperatures outside the narrow belt go from 600° (about the melting point of aluminum) down close to absolute zero. The Mercurian (left) would have a highly developed mechanism for controlling body heat, would use physiological devises unknown on earth for that purpose. He would have to burrow during extremes of heat and cold, and might even build shelters, as man learned to do in his development.

EXCLUSIVE IN CARNIVAL

JUNGLE RHYTHM MAKES



LILLY WRITHE & ROCK



She Writhes To The Right





She Rocks To The Left...

THE SPHINX, according to Egyptian mythology, is half cat, half woman. Lilly Christine, according to her worshippers, is the same. Lilly does not deny it. And in her short lifetime she has been painted in oils for the New York Public Library; been pinned-up on thousands of barrack and dormitory walls; lent her name to hundreds of pieces of army equipment, from ambulances to bombs; and caused a student strike on at least one U.S. campus. This last occurred when undergraduates at Oklahoma University carted her bodily around the campus. Professors, saddened by this decadence ruled her off the grounds, whereupon the students refused

And When Lilly 'The Cat Girl' Christine Dances, Strong Men Weaken and Cry

to attend classes until the ban was lifted.

Lilly seems to have an affinity for the scholastic atmosphere. She once lectured briefly in a course on physical culture given at City College of New York, and another time her form was modelled in ice for the benefit of students on the campus of Tulsa University.

Her own personal aquaintance with the classroom is limited largely to dancing schools. She has studied ballet, modern, and folk dancing. To what use she has put these studies is hard to determine. Her own method comes from watching the actions of cats, a species which has entranced her since early youth. She has adapted the sinuous play of feline muscles to the human body. The effect is striking.

But cats or no cats, what Lilly is selling basically is sex. She is adequately equipped for the job. The phenomenon of the erotic dancer stems as far back into human history as the wheel. Minoan and Egyptian bas-reliefs indicate that early cultures used dancing as a regular part of the fertility ceremonies at which the temple priests asked the gods for a successful planting. Later, the Greek revels in honor of the god Dionysius were centered about wild dancing. And the ruling Persians of the Islamic culture taught dancing as a regular part of the harem curriculum. Even now, primitive cultures in the center of Africa, and on the South Pacific islands use the ritual dance for ceremonial purposes.

Thus dignified by tradition, the adulation of the female form has become an integral part of Western culture. It is as American as, say, apple pie.

For Lilly, dancing is an art. Not content to follow the usual pattern of bumps and grinds, she branched out on her own, and created what is called "The Cat Dance." It is without question original. As a physical culturist, Lilly learned muscular control: as a cat lover she learned the meaning of grace and dignity.

Wherever she learned it, she does all right. Customers do not complain, and until they do, she'll go on dancing.

This month Lilly Christine opened at *The Basin Street,* a new New York nightclub. It's owners are smart. Lilly never has failed to fill cash registers. In New Orleans, where she generally winters, just ask the cab-driver, "Is the Cat Girl on Bourbon Street?" He'll take you to the right place.




'The Cat Girl'
Lilly Christine



VITAL STATISTICS

Age	22
Bust	37
Waist	22
Hips	35
Height	5' 7"



Mother swallow approaches barn with spider in her bill

TELESCOPIC CAMERA OPENS NEW FIELDS FOR BIRD LOVERS

She looks for entrance, darts in (below) to feed babies

BIRD WATCHERS are patient people. In order to chart bird habits they have spent tedious hours crawling bellywise toward nesting grounds.

All this is past. The telescopic camera lens enables the student to set himself up a safe distance away, and shoot without frightening his prey.

These extraordinary pictures of a swallow in action were taken from almost sixty feet away. The camera man shot through an open window into the barn's loft, where the swallow, unmindful of it all, went about her business.





1 Mama delivers. The male swallow pays little attention to young, lets female do work. Young are fed as often as 14 times in one hour.

3 Note landing maneuver. Nest is made of straw and mud, and lined with soft feathers. Moist earth, carried to spot in bird's bill, dries quickly.



2 As she approaches, excited brood stands waiting. First come, first serve, is the rule. The little ones are very demanding!

4 Mother deposits food directly into babies' mouth. Even as she lands, bill is tendered. Mother raises two broods of young a summer.



5 Happily ensconced on nest's edge, mother sets food into babies' craw. Swallows eat caterpillars, spiders, grasshoppers, and some grubs. Large insects are broken into pieces before being fed to young. Young have instinctive response in throats which tells mother when infant has had enough. She will then go around nest until she finds one that will take more. Swallows generally receive farmers' protection.

AFRICA'S MOST LOATHSOME KILLER

A Professional Hunter Tells About The Hated Crocodile

BY ALEXANDER LAKE

CROCODILES ARE BY far the ugliest, cruelest and most loathsome eaters of men and beasts in all of Africa. If they get you they won't eat you while you're nice and fresh but will drag you to the bottom of the river, tear you to pieces, and store you in the mud, there to remain until you rot. Crocodiles cannot masticate and must wait until their larger kills are putrid before swallowing them.

Except when wounded or starving crocs seldom attack openly but sneak up under water, grab an arm or leg, and drag you to the bottom.

My first experience with crocs seems funny now, but it wasn't at the time. I was deep in the Congo Basin country, lying naked on a flat rock beside the dried mud of a river bank. The stream was swarming with hungry crocodiles; behind me was a crocodile's egg nest.

I fell asleep and dreamed I was back in the States with my litter of noisy setter puppies. I moved and my rifle clattered over the edge of the rock.

Not fully awake, I slid off the rock to retrieve my rifle and stepped on something soft and wiggly that yelped. I slipped and sat down hard—on three or four newly hatched baby crocs. Their mother, not more than 20 feet away, glared at me.

Everything happened at once. The little demons attacked my toes, heels and calfs. I grabbed my rifle and got back on the rock just before the mother swiped at me with her tail.

I shoved the muzzle of my .303 inside her mouth and squeezed the trigger. She flipped her tail, yawned and began crawling toward the river. I shot her again and again.

The next day every one of my 33

He Drags His Prey to the River Bottom

tiny new wounds began to fester.

I asked a naturalist friend of mine to dissect a croc for me. He removed the heart, wrapped it in a damp towel and placed it in the sun. Half an hour later he unwrapped it. It was still palpitating.

A croc has powerful muscles that give his jaws a tremendous crushing ability, but he has only feeble muscles with which to open his jaws; a man can hold a croc's mouth closed with his hands.

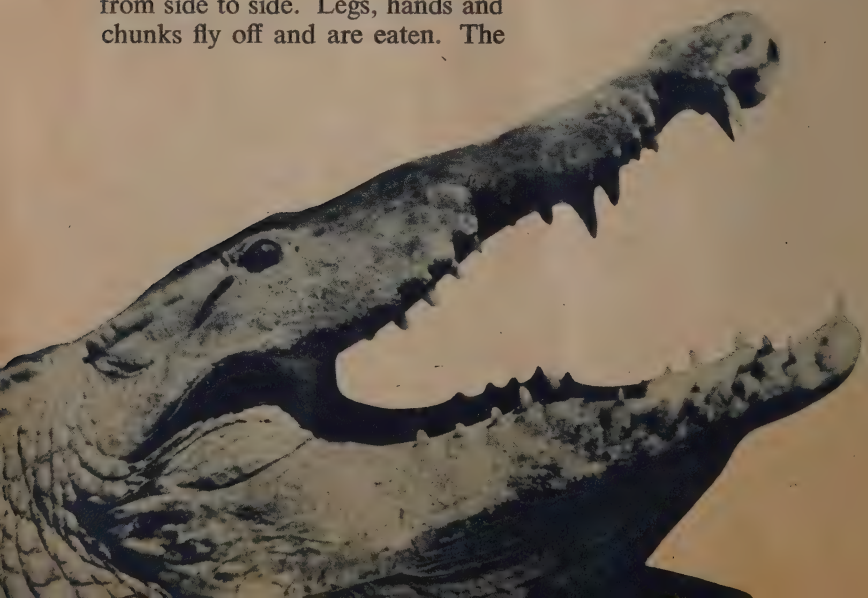
Because of a croc's tied tongue and the space between his fangs, he cannot chew. He can, however, swallow an animal the size of a small dog in one gulp. Bones mean nothing to him; he can crush the largest. He often eats larger game by shredding it. He holds the kill in his teeth and shakes his head from side to side. Legs, hands and chunks fly off and are eaten. The larger portions he takes down to his mud larder.

Crocs cannot eat under water. They must bring their snack up from the river bottom, stick their heads above surface and gulp.

Crocs ears are holes in the head two inches behind the eyes. They're fitted with horny flaps that can be raised or lowered. The ears are the target for the brain shot—the only shot guaranteed to kill a croc instantly.

The croc's favorite method of getting prey is to lie hidden among water plants or reeds. When an animal or man puts his head down to drink—crunch! Crocodiles eat more humans than any other African beast.

A crocodile's love life is curious.



Waits Till It Rots

The mating is smelly, noisy and often follows the murder of another male croc by the husband. As soon as the marriage is consummated, the female whirls away with a disdainful flip of her tail. If the mate knows what's good for him, he'll stay away, for she'll kill him if she can. She seems to realize belatedly that he wants her to have children only so he can eat them. There's nothing a papa croc enjoys more than eating his kids.

I was on a bird-hunting expedition one winter. The rains had held off and river pools were opaque and stagnant.

My trouble began just after midnight. I awakened with a strange feeling of apprehension. I missed the noises of an African night.

Then I smelled the crocodile musk. It reeked. The oxen got the smell and stampeded into the night.

My native companions, Ubusuku and Bill, were on their feet. They sniffed once and grabbed their spears. Ubusuku, with spear in hand moved toward the curtain of darkness. But he jumped back as a big crocodile dragged himself slowly into the circle of firelight. As I shot at him, Bill threw an armful of wood on the fire. Sparks flew and flames leaped high, driving back the night and uncovering a mass of grinning crocs.

I realized by this time that here was one of the great crocodile migrations. I knew that nothing but fire would stop their coming. We had several cans of petrol left, and I yelled to Ubusuku to bring them to me.

Then I noticed that the crocs had split into two files, skirting the fire on both sides and joining in a single front again when clear of the heat.

Now that I had time to think, I felt like a fool. My idea had been to pour petrol on the crocs and set them afire, but now I realized there was no telling what the burning crocs would do. They were just as apt to hurl their blazing bodies at the wagon, tents and gear as anywhere else. Furthermore, the veld was dry as tinder and a grass fire would have cooked us all.

I guess 400 or 500 crocs wormed past us. They neither feared nor threatened us. They had only one thing in mind, and that was to get to the Nengo before dawn.





With new legs, bright socks and shoes—the smile he's always had

LEGS FOR

BORN WITHOUT LEGS, but with a fighter's heart, 6-year-old Larry Kepner has learned to live and play on artificial limbs. The contraption he wears resembles a leather bucket; wooden legs boost him 6 inches to normal height. He removes them at bedtime. "Feeling mighty low," he says with a smile as he paddles upstairs on his hands.

The therapist said: "Go ahead, figure it out for yourself." He did







Larry locks his new legs on. His body doesn't extend below the bucket. Born without leg stumps he was hard to fit.

LARRY

WILD COWGIRLS ARE HOME ON THE RANGE



MOST TYPICAL AMERICAN show, the rodeo, has taken on a typical American twist. The girls have moved in. Male supremacy, which has already gone by the boards in most sports, fought and died when in 1945 two pretty Texas girls, Nancy Binford and Thena Mae Farr applied for entry to the Amarillo rodeo. Male judges scratched their heads, and turned them down. Women may be driving trucks, and playing soft-ball, but the rodeo? Never!

Two years later an all-girl rodeo played to standing room, turned thousands away.

Sponsored by the Girls Rodeo Association, with a membership of over 250 women of assorted sizes and shapes, all-girl rodeos have become a regular feature of entertainment west of the Mississippi. And the girls are good. They use the same rules as men, come close to shattering male records.

This month they'll compete for the crown at the World's All Girl Championship at Tulsa. Odds on

Tough and plucky, girls soak up punishment without a tear



Bronc Busting Is Big Business for Hard Riding Gals



Blanche Altizer will throw and tie calf in about 25 seconds

Cowgirls Challenge Masculine Records

favorite is Jackie Worthington, who at 28 is vice president of the GRA. Already Jackie's knocked down over $10,000 in trophies and prize money. This kind of loot is made possible by the terrific spectator response the girl bronc-busters have received.

Strangely, half the lady contestants are married. Many are college grads, and a third of them live in big cities. No man will attempt to reason with a steer, but with the women, brains rather than brawn seems to be the key to success. But don't think these girls aren't tough. It takes expert horsemanship, plus stamina and staying power to keep on the topside of a wild Brahma bull. These big rangy babies move like a Mack truck in a plowed field.

One of the most popular performers is 11 year old LaTonne Sewalt. This frisky young Texan has made better than $3000 trick riding, showing up women (and men) 3 times her age.

For Easterners, all girl rodeo is not far away. Women from seaboard cities are trekking west to pick up the fine points of the rodeo art, and in the near future they'll return, spreading the gospel that anything men can do, girls can do better.

Champ Jackie Worthington has made over $10,000 on rodeo circuit

For Top Thrills They Have Men Beaten



Tough rodeo event is the calf-tying. Contestant must lasso, and throw calf, tie his legs. Here Nancy Bragg shows how to do it in under ½ minute.

Carnival's

Gallery of America's Most Exciting Women





The most famous backsides in America are pictured above. They belong to Marilyn Monroe, caught here in a charity baseball game in Hollywood, where they'll do anything for charity. Miss Monroe is of importance because she has shifted emphasis from the hither to the nether portions of the female anatomy. Sociologists have a good deal to say about this sort of thing, but they don't prove anything. Anyway, at this point talk is a waste of breath.



Terry Moore

If such a thing as the "outdoor type" exists, Terry Moore is it. She figures she and Monroe are not competing, because MM is the indoor type. Or so Terry says. She could be right.



Sheree North

In the film *Hazel Flagg* Sheree North takes off everything but what you see here. What you see here is very, very good.



Ursala Thiess

There were no speaking parts in *The Thief*, a film which Ursala acted and directed, proving that a silent woman is sexiest.



Zsa Zsa Gabor

The marrying Gabors have done right well for themselves. Between them they've picked off better than a half dozen husbands. Zsa Zsa has had her share. You can see the reasons why on this page.

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Linda Lombard

Hollywood considers Linda Lombard's body more fetching than Hedy Lamarr's. And why not?



In the Next Issue of CARNIVAL: More on Linda Lombard